

MARCH

APOLLO

1954

the Magazine of the Arts for

CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS

LONDON

NEW YORK



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10 VIGO STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Tel.: MAYFAIR 3021

Price: 3s. 6d. U.S.A. 75 cents.

Subscription Rates: 50s. per annum; U.S.A. \$7

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CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS

LONDON RECEIVES

BY
PERSPEX

IN matters of art London is usually to be regarded as the rich man's table and the provinces the crumb-awaiters, but two important shows in Bond Street this month have tended to reverse the role. One is the exhibition of water-colours from the Whitworth Art Gallery in Manchester now showing at Agnew's; the other, the pictures and works of art from Petworth at Wildenstein's. Both bring to the West End works of art as fine as anything which London can boast. The collection of water-colours at the Whitworth has been described by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres as "The most important in the world outside London"; and the Petworth treasures, gradually accumulated in that exquisite house, are fabulous.

In both instances the showing is only of a fraction of the whole: 120 out of the 1,600 drawings at Manchester; 50 works of art, covering pictures, furniture, silver, sculpture, and one famous manuscript, from the many hundreds in the possession of John Wyndham at Petworth House. But each is an excellent selection.

One other quality which these exhibitions have in common is that they are both planned as fund-raising efforts. The Wildenstein exhibition is to help that most worthy of causes, the National Trust, in its Herculean task of saving and looking after for us the glorious houses and acres in its keeping. The Agnew one is on behalf of the Whitworth Art Gallery itself, which was and is a private venture, endowed mightily in the 1880's by Sir Joseph Whitworth and suffering to-day from the inflation which has sapped the value of its income. I was delighted to see that one of the exhibits was a lovely little Samuel Palmer purchased during recent weeks, an indication that the Whitworth is refusing to cut its coat of many water-colours according to its diminished cloth.

At Agnew's one realises how rich the collection is, especially in the precious early men. The Cozens, Francis Towne, and Paul Sandby are finely represented; then Blake, Samuel Palmer, Turner in magnificent style, a whole wall of the best Peter de Wint, Girtin (soft-pedalled on this occasion because in the fairly recent Girtin show in this same gallery so many of the Whitworth Girtins were on loan), Gainsborough, Cox, Cotman; indeed, all the foremost of the English water-colourists are here. Remarkably, the works of the lesser men shown are so good that they need no

apology against their august neighbours; but that is a notorious characteristic of the Whitworth possessions. A Shotter Boys, "Rouen," which might conceivably be a Bonington; a Samuel Prout which justifies Ruskin's eulogies; such delights run through the exhibition. The masterpieces are invariably works almost legendary in this world of water-colour. Here is Francis Towne's "Bay of Naples" of 1785, his delicate sensitive line conveying a

sense of volume with incredible economy of means. Near by Alexander Cozens' "Rain-storm over Mountains" has the elemental force, the grandeur, the sheer magnitude which we came to associate with Turner. It makes an interesting comparison with Turner's own "Storm in a Swiss Pass," that work of his maturity painted forty years after the brilliant architectural study of "The Chapter House, Salisbury Cathedral," which is number one in the exhibition.

For me, however, the chief thrill was a renewed sight of that last—and surely best—work of Blake, "The Ancient of Days." Blake, who so often found difficulty in finding an image not too material for his tremendous poetic and spiritual conceptions, in this final work splendidly succeeded. In the space of a few inches he gives a sense of infinity. This could, indeed, be the Almighty Power: those giant compasses might well have set the limits of the world; that colour of flame in darkness be a transcript of the bodying forth of a world from chaos and

the night. Against it even the other Blakes, such as the notable "Angels appearing to the Shepherds," are cold and often suffer from the over-symmetry of his deliberate designing. Lovers of the best English water-colour must not miss this opportunity to see the gems of a famous collection.

The Petworth exhibition is dominated by two supreme works: the "Head of Aphrodite," by Praxiteles, known for its Petworth association as "The Leconfield Aphrodite," and the resplendent Claude landscape called "Jacob with Laban and his Daughters." This latter, recently cleaned, dominates the Wildenstein Gallery from the far wall. I paid my meed of cerebral admiration, and then, being incurably romantic, turned to the Hieronymus Bosch "Adoration of the Kings" near by, with its lively Netherlandish folk enacting the sacred story. The conventional positive-negative "attributed to" indicates that this may be a copy of the



THE ANCIENT OF DAYS. By WILLIAM BLAKE

From the Exhibition of Water-colours from the Whitworth Art Gallery at Agnew's

PERSPEX's choice for the Picture of the Month

central panel of the Prado triptych, but is most likely a version of the theme by the master himself. Four of the great Turners are here to remind us of the artist's association with the house in the glorious days of Lord Egremont; three of the famous Hobbemas; Le Nain's "Lazzaroni"; Blake again with the highly involved "Last Judgement." One other impressive treasure from the house is the manuscript of more than 300 pages of *The Canterbury Tales* belonging to the early XVth century.

Wildenstein's Gallery provides a perfect setting, comparable to the dignity of Petworth House itself for these things and for the fine furniture and silverwork which accompany them. One hopes that the exhibition, apart from its immediate pleasure and a worthwhile contribution to National Trust Funds, will send visitors to Petworth House itself to see the rest of the lovely things owned by Mr. Wyndham in their really perfect setting of one of the loveliest of all stately homes "open to the public."

Another delight in private collections on temporary public view in London is that of the "Impressionist and Other Paintings," from the collection of the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie. This is small and intimate; less than forty pictures, and most of them small in size. Many of them we have seen before in the London Galleries from whence their present owner acquired them. The fine Courbet "Vue d'Ornans," for example, which was at Tooth's in 1949, and which I chose at that time for reproduction in APOLLO as my "Picture of the Month" (a fact missed by the compilers of the catalogue). The extremely fine Degas, "Repasseuse à Contre-jour," with its wonderful sense of the tension of the muscles of the ironing woman as well as its rich yet restrained colour, is one of that master's most impressive paintings. The painter's eye took every grain of visual significance from this moment of reality and put it into his picture. There are several of the works in this little exhibition which yield this personal thrill. I feel that there is much to be said for paying the compliment of an exhibition to a contemporary collector, but I doubted whether the Tate Gallery was the right setting for this one. The small pictures were terribly dwarfed; the forbidding white screen which so clearly told you that the collection would not fill more than a quarter of a gallery, gave one a slight sense of insignificance. In, say, the Arts Council Gallery at St. James's Square they would have looked delightful; here they did strike one as displaced. These intimate pictures need the gracious setting of a home or of a small gallery.

At Tooth's own gallery, from which so many of the charming works were bought during recent years, there is an exhibition of "Some Important Contemporaries" under the recurring title, "To-day and Yesterday." The show is in danger of being run away with by Stanley Spencer, who contributes two quite delightful pieces in his new Cookham Regatta series. "Punts Meeting" especially is such fun that one is in danger of missing its noteworthy design and colouring, treating it simply as a comic comment on contemporary life. That, as the critics have been telling us for best part of half a century, is the danger of having a "literary" content to a work of visual art. Spencer is, of course, a caricaturist and not a realist. The incredible suiting of the "well-dressed" youth in the punt "never was on sea or land," nor even in a Thames punt, and the elderly gentleman is pure fantasy. Spencer's exaggerated mannerisms are admirably suited for such a subject, and are kept in some accord with the lighthearted theme. They do not offend susceptibilities as they are apt to do with religious or spiritual subjects. A few good, if not outstanding, Sickerts; Francis Bacon's thinly painted "Elephant in Jungle Grass," happily unhorrific on this occasion and practically naturalistic; Graham Sutherland at his spikiest abstract on a large canvas, "La Petite Afrique" (why this French title?); typical work by Hillier and Geoffrey Tibble and some of the Irish artists whom we associate with this gallery constitute a pleasing, if not outstanding, exhibition. I personally liked one of the pictures by William Brooker, who is rather a Tooth

discovery: "Forte's Cafe, Bath," which reminds us that Sickert also haunted Bath.

The French paintings at the Lefevre next door take us back to the Impressionists again, though they are not confined to them. Remarkable, but not very attractive to me, are the Renoir bronzes, or rather the bronzes directed by Renoir, for the crippled artist only dictated them to a disciple. Without the magic of Renoir's name they would not matter very much, as is almost inevitable with sculpture produced under such roundabout conditions. Much of the work shown is fascinating early painting of the artists concerned. A large Toussaint-Lautrec, "Femme à l'ombre dans le Jardin de M. Forest" (how uninspired these titles often are!), though well known and documented among his works, does not give the indication of brilliant draughtsmanship which we associate with him. On the other hand, the almost equally discussed "Portrait de Paul Valpinçon," by Degas, shows what a portraitist he might have been had he chosen. Courbet's "Au bord de la Mer à Trouville" is a thrilling sky and water study by an artist who usually preferred more tangible subject-matter, and shows him as a precursor of true Impressionism. Monet with "Printemps à Giverny," and Camille Pissarro's "Effet de Neige à Mont Faucault," show Impressionism at its purest, whilst Sisley's "L'Eglise de Moret" stands on the hither slopes which lead downward to the Post-Impressionists. Perhaps that should read "onwards" or even "upwards," for certainly the little landscape painted near Nice by Matisse is a pleasing work.

British contemporaries have also been the theme at the Adams Gallery in one of those exhibitions of carefully selected pictures for which these rooms in Davies Street are becoming well known. The presence among them of two of Augustus John's landscapes of Martigues—"a little republic of fishermen . . . untouched as yet by fashion or big business . . . the inhabitants care only for their craft," he wrote of this place which he loved and depicted so sensitively. Before the end of the exhibition at Adams both of these John landscapes had been chosen for the great one-man show of his work which is to open at the Royal Academy on March 13th; a tribute this to their quality. Particularly striking in the Adams show was a "Still Life—on the Sofa," by Duncan Grant, one of those affairs of brilliant colours in violent contrast which we associate with this artist and with Matthew Smith, who is also well represented. For those of us who prefer a more muted note, Ruskin Spear's "The Red Hat," a London street scene where the chance colour of a red hat worn by a passer-by gives a sudden significance, was a delight and a triumph in values, as Ruskin's Spear's work so often is. If there were a few pictures which looked strangely like gate-crashers in this brilliant company, we will draw a veil over their presence.

I was a little disappointed at a show of "Water-colours of East Anglia," by Rowland Suddaby at the Leger Gallery, largely because I find his work refreshingly good when it succeeds and tantalizing because it often misses the effect aimed at. There is an English feeling of real vision of light and nature, but the vision, because of a kind of carelessness, has not been transcribed into the picture. The forms of the drawing and the colour patches do not attempt to coincide—a modernism which requires something akin to genius to pull it off. Sometimes in Suddaby's work the magic happens, but the hit-and-miss quality is inherent in his slashing use of his medium and the sketchiness of his style.

In these days, of course, a sketchy style is not by any means a fault, and certainly it keeps the life, the original impulse. Nowhere is this more clearly exemplified than in the work of Berea, who is having a show at the O'Hana Gallery during March. His portraits—often with the sitter posed out-of-doors under a shimmer of light and fierce colour into which the figure merges—are sensational. In his building up of the portrait into something near a subject picture, as with his picture of the Duchess of York, Berea has created a fascinating style of his own. An interesting newcomer on the London scene.

SOME XIXth-CENTURY POTTERY & PORCELAIN

Part I

BY REGINALD G. HAGGAR

Fig. I (a) and (b). "Volunteer Regiment" Jug. Cream-coloured earthenware. Height 8 in. "Landscape" Jug. Cream-coloured earthenware. Height 4½ in. Josiah Wedgwood, 1786. Wedgwood Museum, Barlaston



WHATEVER may be said against the potters of the XIXth century it must be admitted that they had their roots in the age of taste, and our illustrations indicate the vital contribution which the masters of the early days of the Industrial Revolution made to the development of the Staffordshire tradition. Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S. (1730-95), and Josiah Spode II (1755-1827), along with the Adams, Baddeleys, Daniels, Turners and Warburtons, placed the nascent industry, with its ancient craft traditions, upon a secure commercial basis: the one with an earthenware body of superlative quality, the other by stabilising the formula for bone china. Both resorted to the most up-to-date methods of decoration, making effective use of engraved transfers; and both maintained a magnificent standard of executive skill which set the pace for their competitors and rivals. The impetus which they gave to ceramic craftsmanship persisted into the early decades of the XIXth century.

Wedgwood's cream-coloured earthenware demonstrates a purity and elegance of form and a chasteness of decoration unsurpassed and rarely equalled by any of his contemporaries. In the Staffordshire Volunteer Regiment Jug, c. 1786, and the smaller jug with the so-called Bewick landscape (Fig. I), the austerity of neo-classic taste has been softened and humanised by touches of sentiment and colour. Wedgwood, however, generally preferred to expose the body of his wares, revealing their inherent beauties, and relying upon quality of line. His ceramic was a purist art. Spode, on the other hand, employing transfer-printing underglaze, covered his earthenware with all-over patterns characterised by beauties of texture, tone, and colour. Spode's early blueprints are masterly examples of ceramic engraving.

Meanwhile the country potter plied his craft, following the traditional ways of his fathers, adapting himself to changing circumstances as he came into conflict with competition from Staffordshire goods. All over England the country potter was at work: at Wattisfield and Ipswich in Suffolk; at Thetford in Norfolk; in a host of small potteries in Sussex, Surrey and Hampshire; further down in the West Country, where there was an abundance of good clays, the traditions of craft pottery continued. It was the same in Wales, the Midlands, and the North. Even Staffordshire had its country potters using the familiar red clays—red ware potters they were called—whose products differed little from the pottery of the earlier crafts-

men except in certainty of form and line. In isolated areas individual types and shapes arose which help the student to identify other similar wares, and occasionally distinctive pieces such as the well-known Sussex Pig and Hedgehog were made. The fine early pig in the collection of Capt. and Mrs. E. Bruce George (Fig. II) made at Cadborough, Rye, is a notable example. These provide a background to XIXth-century developments.

No period of ceramic art has come in for so much disparagement as that of the XIXth century. The period is a confused and difficult one to explore, because of the wealth of manufactures and the vast increase of knowledge. Progress in one direction was matched by atrophy in another. Indeed, a Victorian critic said that "modern manufacture . . . received the greatest aid from science at a period precisely when the arts of design had sunk to their lowest degradation." In spite of this, however, there is much of beauty and interest to be discovered by the discerning connoisseur.

The XIXth century was characterised by many technical developments in the field of ceramics, some of which had far-reaching effects. Transfer-printing from bats of gelatine (bat-printing) or from paper tissues was already popular. The process, however, was given tremendous impetus by the introduction of continuous roller-printing machinery, by block-printing in colours, by the development of M. Ducoté's process, and eventually by the intro-



Fig. II. "Sussex Pig." Earthenware. Height 5½ in., length 11 in. Cadborough, Rye, c. 1790. Capt. and Mrs. E. Bruce George.



Fig. III. Tea Service: Bone China, decorated with "English Views," probably by John Cutts. Wedgwood & Byerley, 1815. Wedgwood Museum, Barlaston.

duction of lithography. Photographic pictures were a feature of pottery in the 1860's. Ceramic crayons, invented by Joseph Thorley or Francis J. Emery (both claimed the distinction), were exhibited at an exhibition in Hanley in 1865. Lustres, and brushwork decorations based on lustre techniques, enjoyed popularity for 50 or 60 years. Chimney ornaments were in great demand throughout the century, and the simplification of them, enforced by sheer economic necessity, gave rise to a popular type—the "flat-back"—which persisted into Edwardian days. The Victorian era was the age of parian and terracotta, symbols almost of Victorian correctness and success. Not content with fine, cream-coloured earthenware, the manufacturers of the XIXth century produced new and harder bodies more akin to hard porcelain for which they invented fine-sounding names. Mason's Patent Ironstone China (1813) is the most famous, and probably the forerunner of all the durable "granite" wares of the 1880's. Even salt-glaze, under the impulse of sanitation and hygiene, and the reforms of Chadwick, came into its own again. This provided a point of departure for the later decorative stonewares of Doulton and the Martin Brothers. Nor does this exhaust the list. We may instance ground-laying in colours, raised paste gilding, and encrusted (or acid) gilding; the use of slip on bisquit pottery (tube-lining) in conjunction with majolica glazes; barbotine painting; and *pâte-sur-pâte*. With such an extensive field we can do no more than offer a few comments.

Charles James Mason (1791–1856) of Lane Delph: it is equally true of the decorations of John Cutts (1772–1851) and the figures of John Walton. C. J. Mason, the pottery commercial genius of the age, realised that right placing was more important for effect than accurate drawing, and that colour and gold will atone for a multitude of sins. Hence the popularity which Ironstone China enjoyed. Cutt's decoration on porcelain made by Wedgwood & Byerley, about 1812–15, possesses similar qualities. For all their slapdash freedom of execution—he was endeavouring to compete with printed and enamelled views used at New Hall—they possess something of the charm of the English countryside. It is easy in consequence to pardon his lapses in perspective and his monotonous tree conventions (Fig. III). We may admire his swiftness and ease of handling. Some manufacturers even designed for effect, producing shapes nicely calculated for easy delivery from the mould and adapted for repetitive decoration. The octagonal jug in blue, red and gold, made by Mason, c. 1830, is typical. It is marked, rather unusually, in brick red, with the name MASON'S over a crown, surmounting a drapery cartouche enclosing the words IMPROVED IRONSTONE CHINA (Fig. IV.).

The uses of lustre are too well known to need description, but the brush decorations in colour based on lustre techniques are not so familiar. These gave rise to an authentic form of peasant decoration of great beauty which lasted for about 50 years. Brushwork decorations of this kind may be seen on jugs, bowls, flasks, and other wares. The jugs were sometimes lettered with initials and a date within a heart, and were evidently intended as love-gifts,



Fig. IV. Octagonal Jug. Ironstone china, decorated in blue, red, and gold. Height 6½ in. Charles James Mason, of Lane Delph, c. 1830. Mr. J. V. Goddard.

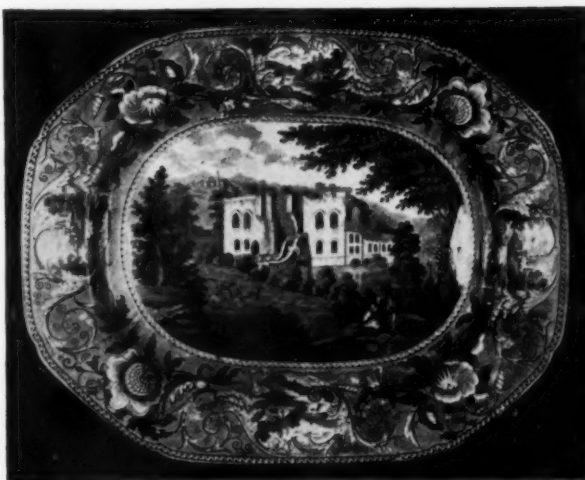


Fig. V. Jug. Earthenware, painted in "lustre style" in blue, yellow, orange, and brown. Staffordshire, dated "R.H. 1832." Mrs. Frank Nagington.

SOME NINETEENTH-CENTURY POTTERY AND PORCELAIN

Fig. VII. Dish. Earthenware, transfer-printed in blue with "English Landscapes." Length 20 in. William Mason, of Lane Delph, c. 1820.

Fig. VI. Plate. Earthenware, transfer-printed in blue with "Tower" pattern. Josiah Spode II, c. 1798. Spode-Copeland Works Museum.



or tokens. These pieces are rarely, if ever, marked, and although probably made by general potters of repute, were mainly the work of independent enamellers and lusterers, of whom there were many in Staffordshire at this time. Two palettes of colour were popular (1) black, sage green, strong dirty pink and blue; and (2) yellow, orange, brown, blue and green. Fig. V is painted in blue, yellow, orange and brown, and is dated, "R.H. 1832." More rarely monochrome blue was used. The patterns were built up freely with the brush and were often full and florid, although invariably well-balanced and attractive in colour. These designs and palettes are as distinctive as the red and black *motifs* on XVIIIth-century cream colour.

In the first half of the XIXth century, blue-printed pottery achieved its finest flowering, and a school of ceramic engravers arose to meet its demands. Notable among its number were Thomas Sparks (1773-1848), William Bentley (1777-1833), John Brookes (1792-1868) and Jesse Austin (1806-79). Under pressure of demand the output of pictorial engraving increased, and in time quality degenerated. Trenchant criticisms of engraved landscape decorations were voiced by Frederick W. Hulme (1816-84), himself a topographical artist trained under a ceramic engraver and designer. Indeed, his references—"the snowy peaks of Switzerland are solid spires of stone, and her cottages all sticks, the minarets are too apt to look like fishing rods, and domes almost become globes"—remind us, somewhat, of Cobbett's amusing description of Brighton Pavilion. Hulme was not alone in his criticism. J. A. Hammersley (1815-69) a Burslem man, who became principal of Manchester Art School, told the pottery landscape decorators to "study paltry engravings less, and the banks of the Trent more."³ He blamed the badness of many later decorations, not upon economic causes, but upon the narrow "conventions of the workshop." In this, he was no doubt right.

The Chinese porcelain inspiration of the earliest blue-prints gave rise to distinctive engraved foliage conventions which gradually gave place to a naturalism inspired by the work of peripatetic water-colour painters, and aquatints and engravings issued by print-sellers. This is shown

admirably by comparing Spode's "Tower" (Fig. VI), adapted from an engraving of "The Bridge Salaro," published in 1798, and engraved in a pseudo-Oriental style, with the blue-printed dish, by William Mason (1785-c. 1855) of Lane Delph, with its English views, natural flowers and elegant scrolls (Fig. VII). This was probably engraved by the firm of Bentley, Wear & Bourne, of Shelton. Subsequently, naturalism hardened into more arbitrary conventions, but many later decorations retained a liveliness and sparkle as on the bowl printed in puce, and made by Davenport, c. 1845 (Fig. VIII).

(To be concluded)

¹ C. L. Eastlake. *Hints on Household Taste*, 4th Ed. London: 1878, p. 104.

² F. W. Hulme. Quoted in *The Art-Union*, 1844, p. 134.

³ J. A. Hammersley. In the *Potteries Mechanics' Institution Magazine*, Vol. I, No. 4, May, 1860, p. 50.

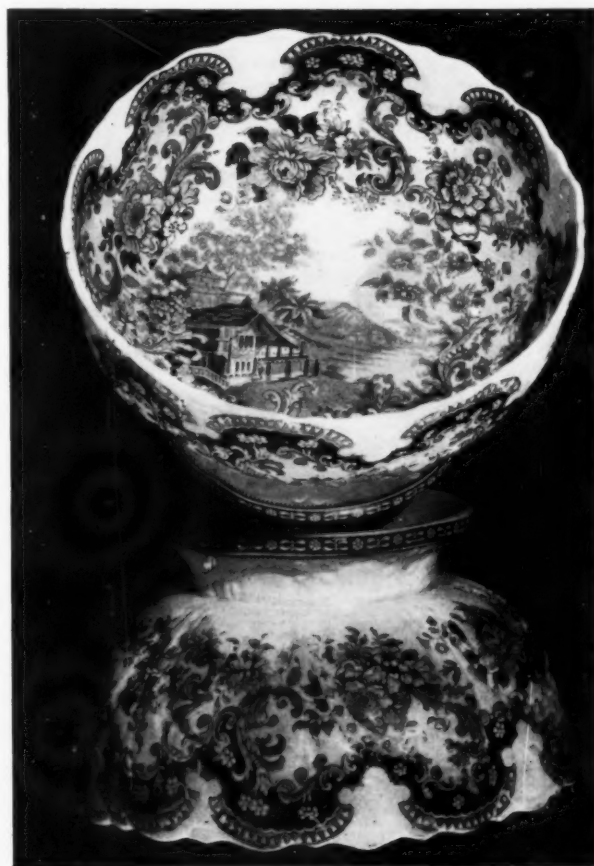


Fig. VIII. Bowl. Earthenware, transfer-printed in puce with "Oriental View." Height 4½ in. Dia. 8½ in. William Davenport & Co., Longport, c. 1845. Mrs. M. Wood.

The Commoner Drinking Glasses of the XVIIIth Century

Part II

BY E. B. HAYNES

GROUP II. GLASSES WITH MOULDED PEDESTAL STEMS (c. 1715-c. 1765)

WERE it not for a plethora of champagne-type glasses made rather late in the series, specimens of this group would have to be accounted scarce or rare. There are now as many as sixteen sections, an arrangement which may one day be improved. Of these sections nine are each represented by a handful, or fewer, examples, and of the rest one particular section is overwhelmingly the most numerous, providing 5 out of every 8 glasses of the Group.

One might then expect some particular glass or glasses to show a marked preponderance. This is not the case; the most favoured, Section 7*, is only so because it contains most of the champagnes and sweetmeats which have collaring at the base of the stem. Yet such glasses are so variable in bowl, foot, and moulded decoration that no one type is common. Section 7 (b) contains at least seventy such types, and of these the least uncommon is

A Sweetmeat, on a round-shouldered, 8-sided Moulded Pedestal stem collared at the base; saucer-topped bowl and a domed and folded foot. (Section-frequency 1 in 36: Group-frequency 1 in 57.) See left illustration.

The Section-frequency betrays an insecure position; the overall frequency is about 1 in 1,700, and the marketable value parlous.

Next comes a more highly prized glass from Section 7 (a), the sort of glass one acquires, whereas the other is not in favour, or not now, for it is a well-fashioned, well-shod affair and not too unsuitable as a drinking glass. The selection is

A Goblet with round-shouldered 8-sided Moulded Pedestal stem (no collars at base); r.f. bowl and folded foot: (S.-f. 1 in 42: G.-f. 1 in 66.)

Third place in the "commoner" category is shared by three more glasses from Section 7 and happily one early wine from Section 4, which contains the 6-sided pedestal stem. They are as follows

A Goblet, 7 (a), the stem a diamond-topped, 8-sided Moulded Pedestal; r.f. bowl and folded foot. (S.-f. 1 in 50: G.-f. 1 in 80.)

A Champagne, 7 (b), collared under bowl, the stem a diamond-topped 8-sided Pedestal collared at base; lipped ogee bowl, domed and folded foot (same frequencies).

A Champagne, 7 (b), collared under bowl; stem as last; lipped pan-type bowl, and domed foot, both bowl and foot panel moulded (same frequencies).

A Wine, 4 (a), the stem with a Knop over a 6-sided Moulded Pedestal with diamond-topped shoulders; r.f. bowl and folded foot. (S.-f. 1 in 24: G.-f. 1 in 80.)

This last is a glass from a quite small Subsection. It is a nice form and my choice of the level peggers. It is likely to have been Newcastle pattern; a similar glass with stem collaring certainly is.

Although it cannot claim any status as a common glass, there is a cousin to that of Section 4 (a). It comes from Section 2 (a) and is

A Wine, the stem with Knop over a round-shouldered, 4-sided Pedestal, r.f. bowl and folded foot. (S.-f. 1 in 2: G.-f. 1 in 130.)

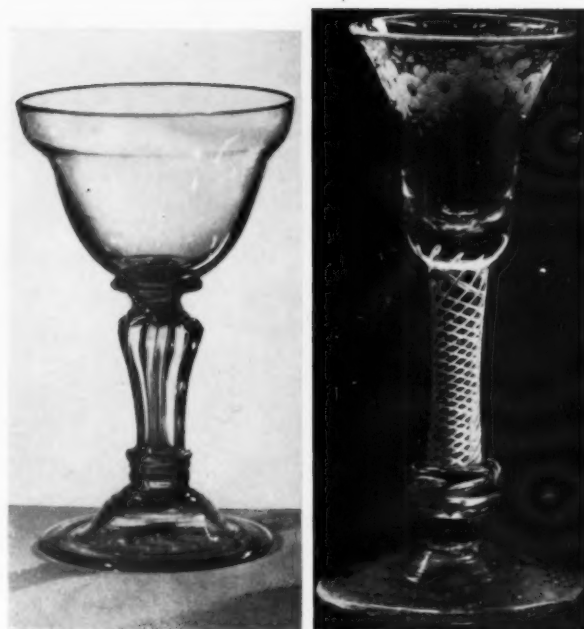
A very pleasant glass in a tiny Subsection, and it ought not to be mentioned at all, but the intriguing frequency figures are notable.

It comes to this, that there are no common glasses in the Group and that those mentioned are just the most representative.

GROUP V. GLASSES WITH COMPOSITE STEMS (c. 1740-c. 1770)

This is a small Group, but an important one because it contains nothing but fine quality glasses, with many rarities, mostly hailing from Newcastle. Despite its six Sections and forty-three Subsections, the Group is so weak in numbers that not a single specimen can be called common. The least

* Where possible the numeration adopted in *Glass Through the Ages* is adopted.



(Left) Sweetmeat glass, 8-sided stem. 6½ in. c. 1760.
(Right) Wine. 6½ in. engraved, the most frequent composite-stemmed glass. c. 1750.

scarce must be given as representative. One Section entirely dominates the Group. This is Section 2, whose stems consist of an air twist over a plain section; there are nineteen Subsections, twelve very rare and only one with any claim to frequency. It is Section 2 (g) which provides

A Wine, the stem with a long Section of Multiple Spiral Air Twist set over a short Inverted Baluster (with tears); waisted bowl and plain foot. (S.-f. 1 in 9: G.-f. 1 in 15.) But the overall frequency is only 1 in 900.

The other Subsections have variations of the theme, the short baluster being replaced by different knops with or without collars. Feet are often domed and the result is an aristocratic glass.

An instance comes immediately in the next most frequent glass, from Section 2 (e).

A Wine, with long M.S.A.T. Section having triple or quadruple collars at base, set into a basal Knop (with tears); trumpet bowl and domed foot. (S.-f. 1 in 15: G.-f. 1 in 23.)

This glass comes also with a waisted bowl and apparently always has a domed foot.

As frequent as this last wine is a glass from Section 1, which includes stem types having a Plain Section over an Air Twist Section. There are fifteen Subsections, all rare except (b), which gives us

A Goblet, the stem with short Plain Section over a long M.S.A.T. Inverted Baluster (or Shouldered Section); trumpet bowl and plain foot. (S.-f. 1 in 5: G.-f. 1 in 23.)

There are two potential rivals from Section 2 (g) aforesaid, namely

A Wine, with trumpet bowl and plain foot. (S.-f. 1 in 17: G.-f. 1 in 26.)

A Wine, with waisted bowl and domed foot. (S.-f. 1 in 20: G.-f. 1 in 30.)

Neither calls for comment, but there is a very definite Newcastle glass which ranks level with the last-mentioned, from Section 2 (l).

A large Wine, the stem with short M.S.A.T. Section having a central Angular Knop, set on a long plain Shouldered Section with basal Knop; r.f. bowl and plain foot. (S.-f. 1 in 20: G.-f. 1 in 30.)

But even these last three approach rarity. What then of the thirty-two stem types in the Group each represented by less than four examples? Yet many of them will attract even less attention than the relatively common specimens recited above. All glasses of the Group are 3WS, 4WS or 5WS build.

(Part I appeared in the February issue.)



Fig. I. Le Pont Neuf III, Paris



Fig. II. Notre Dame. Vue de la rive gauche.

PIERRE DUMONT, 1884-1936

BY H. TATLOCK MILLER

TOWERING into turbulent skies the great Gothic cathedrals of France compelled Pierre Dumont to paint his greatest canvases, pictures which won him the adulation of Monet and the praise of Flaubert. For twenty years or more these paintings have been lost to us, remaining unrecognised, hidden in the obscurity of French provincial towns, or in the possession of the artist's distant relatives and former friends. Little, if anything, was to be heard of Pierre Dumont after the gates of a mental asylum closed upon him, following an attack on his mother. Only a small handful of mourners followed the funeral procession when he died there some years later.

To-day, in London, his work, phoenix-like, rises to new and glowing life. Rich and jewel-like his dark, sonorous cathedrals, and gayer, exuberant landscapes of Normandy and the South of France can now be seen in the only major collection of his paintings which has ever been brought together since his death, and in the first exhibition of his work in this country, at the Redfern Gallery, which to see is an intoxicating experience.

The turbulence of his spirit, the intense, passionate impasto of his paint as well as his tragic death in the mental hospital of Sainte Anne all parallel closely Van Gogh who, with Cézanne, had been his strongest influence. Born at Rouen, in 1884, almost within the shadow of the great cathedral, he began painting at an early age. As a young man he founded the "Group Thirty" and later "La Société Normande de Peinture Moderne" which included Jacques Villon, Paul Guillaumin, Maximilien Luce, Utrillo and Vlaminck among its members. Returning from his first enthralled visit to the South of France, he brought back with him landscapes of such richness and compulsion that they disturbed and upset the people of his native town. Both he and his work were completely misunderstood.

In Rouen he painted the time-worn, crumbling façade of the immense cathedral, and there was no corner of this noble town that he did not know and love. It was at this time of his life that he began to advise the wealthy collector, Monsieur Despeaux, in his choice of the magnificent collection of Impressionist paintings which were ultimately bequeathed to the Musée de Rouen and included some of the finest pictures of Monet, Sisley, Pissarro and Lebourg. The people of Rouen were one day stupefied to find that Monsieur Despeaux had actually bought one of Dumont's own paintings!

By 1910 his entire time was devoted to the excited discovery of the wonders of Rouen Cathedral, inspired as Monet had been by the drama of the play of ever-fluctuating light and shadow through its buttresses, pillars and ribs, and over the features of its ancient face. His paintings of it seem to lift with it as the edifice soars up, shaken by the sound of bells and traversed by light. Sometimes he would be found in the rue de l'Epicierie, so beloved by Camille Pissarro; but he deserted the surrounding countryside to spend every daylight hour in painting the superb traceries of this monumental church. Rouen, however, is noted for its heavy rainfall, and during the wettest season he was forced indoors to his studio, where he painted his still-lives, the glowing dahlias, gladioli, carnations and arrangements of frailer anemones.

Extremely poverty-stricken he lived and worked in a dismal and depressing apartment in the Rue Morand. An intolerant father refused to support him, but a more indulgent mother would, when she could, give him a few sous. He lived like a tramp, often taking his easel, paints and his bedding with him into the streets of Rouen, much to the astonishment of the bourgeois passers-by. In a local review he defended Jacques Villon against the adverse criticism to which he was then subjected, and for it had himself dubbed as interfering and incompetent; but a little later, when he showed some paintings in the Salon d'Automne, the critics applauded him, especially in "Figaro."

He experienced, it seems, from what little one can now learn, the inevitable vagaries of unhappy love affairs; but on each occasion his work was his immediate consolation. Painting was the mainspring and force of his life. Sometimes he would say: "I am getting stale and nervous of repeating myself. I ought to discover something new, I don't know what, but the essential thing in art isn't to find, it is to go on searching towards something, to discover without ceasing, relentlessly. To remain static is death."

Before the first war, we learn from his friend Pierre Varenne, whose portrait Dumont painted early in his life as an artist, he moved from Rouen to Paris, where he rented an incredibly dingy and dirty studio in Montmartre, in the then famous "bateau-lavoir," reached only by groping down long, dark corridors. "I can remember," Varenne says, "one day seeing Juan Gris sitting there with a square rule in his hand, bending over one of his geometrical compositions. Dumont's studio looked out on to dilapidated



Fig. III. Cathédrale de Beauvais.



Fig. IV. Fleurs.

houses from whose dirty windows could be seen bedclothes hanging out to air. The fruits and vegetables which were bought as subjects for still-lives were devoured as soon as they had served their purpose; and I can recall how very cordially I was received on the days I arrived with a parcel under my arm containing tunney-fish soaked in oil or some salami. Juan Gris and Max Jacob used to partake in these unceremonial meals too." He sold his pictures for 100 francs each, helped to do so by Max Jacob, who describes Dumont: "I see him painting bent, tense, silent and squeezing his tubes of paint, mixing the colours, his jaws set, holding his brush high against his canvas, nervous, frenzied—and he paints and paints."

With Guillaume Apollinaire Dumont organised the famous cubist exhibition "La Section d'or," at the Galerie de la Boetie, in October, 1912, which included Juan Gris, Albert Gleizes, Marcoussis, Andre L'Hote, Picabia and Jacques Villon. He himself was represented by one of his cathedral paintings and a still-life, and was the animating spirit behind the whole exhibition. His pictures of his cubist period have been compared by Varenne with magnificent oriental tapestries. But he was soon to return to the painting of his Normandy skies and thrusting Gothic architectural forms. For some private reason, and to placate Apollinaire, he began signing these pictures with the name "Jallot." He was to be seen constantly at the "Lapin Agile" and singing folk-songs to the accompaniment of the famous Frede's guitar; yet he was an indefatigable worker and was much captivated by the countryside of Montmartre.

At this time his pictures began to sell. An old man, Monsieur Bolatre, who had a small shop in the rue des Batingnolles, sometimes sold his paintings, which were stacked, unframed, against the outside wall in all weathers. He did not really care for Dumont's pictures, but his son Gustave became a great friend of the artist, sat for his portrait and bought his pictures for the meagre sum of 75 francs and sold them for 100 francs.

In January, 1914, the devoted Bolatre organised the first Dumont exhibition, in the rue Montaigne. The public had seen very little of his work since he exhibited in the 1908 Salon D'Automne, but this exhibition contained some sixty canvases. It was well received and his paintings of Rouen Cathedral made an immense impression on Monet and on Flaubert. At this time his friends were Goerg, Gromaire, Quizet and Hode, and he was the staunch supporter of Zola and Mirabeau. He painted the old streets and façades of Montmartre, la Place du Tertre, the little house, now gone, of Mimi Pinson, Notre Dame and the old bridges of Paris. These inspired him untiringly. He then began to travel, and was seen less and less by his friends in their favourite haunts and eating places. By 1923 he had grown strangely touchy, taking offence at the slightest remark, and was suspicious of the smallest criticism. "He was always taking offence," Varenne speaks of this time, "but it would not last for long and he would greet the person with whom he had sworn eternal hatred with open arms saying 'Forget the past and let us start again.' These outbursts were obviously the signs of his approaching mental illness."

In 1928 he gave another exhibition, at Durand-Ruel, and showed forty-one canvases of Rouen, Beauvais, Rennes, Meaux, Honfleur, Paris and Montmartre. This exhibition was an immediate success and he was delighted. Afterwards he was able to travel again, all over the Continent, and finally took a house at Giverny where, in his youth, he had often visited Monet. He had married a young woman who was an orphan and the friend of many of the artists of Montmartre of the time. He took her to Normandy and showed her all his favourite scenes, but she pined for Paris and was never really happy anywhere else.

It was during their stay in Rouen when one evening at a restaurant Dumont started a quarrel with an acquaintance and the argument became so heated that the patron had to intervene. He completely lost control, becoming almost

Fig. V. La Place du Tertre, Montmartre.



demoniacal, so much so that it was necessary for him to be taken home and a doctor called in. The doctor arranged for him to be taken back to Paris, where he could keep him under vigilance. After responding to treatment his health returned, but only for a short time.

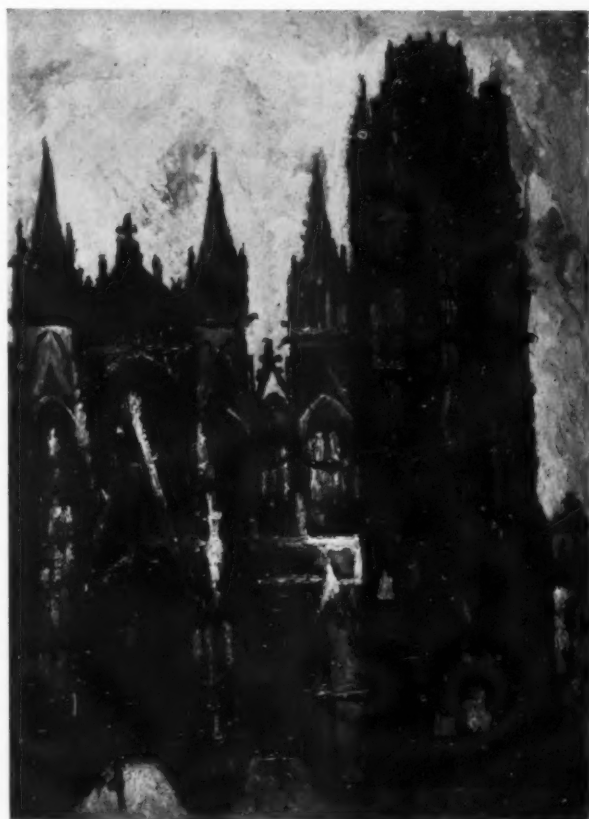


Fig. VI. La tour de la cathédrale, Rouen.

Little seems to have been seen or heard of him again until another exhibition was arranged at Durand's in the Rue de Seine. Varenne visited this exhibition and "was astonished by the sumptuous canvases but horrified by the artist's physical appearance." Dumont was emaciated and could hardly finish any sentence which he had begun. His wife "looked on in bewilderment, with a terror-stricken face, trying to help him pronounce his words." His mental illness grew steadily worse until following an attack upon his mother it was necessary for him to be sent to the asylum at Sainte Anne. Here he still painted, but he had become partially paralysed and tried desperately to paint with his left hand. He died in this hospital on April 9th, 1936.

It is of little matter that these few poignant fragments of Pierre Dumont's life may tell us only little of him as a man. From his paintings, from such of his pictures as "La cathédrale de Rouen le soir," "Cathédrale de Beauvais," "Cathédrale de Caudebec-en-Caux," or again "Le jardin de Monet en Normandie," he will surely be for ever known as a truly great artist whose passionate spirit soared up with those spires, shaken by the sound of bells, of the cathedrals of France which he compelled and ordered and galvanised into paint.

This present London exhibition comprises fifty-one paintings, dating back to such early works as "Varengville, Normandie," 1904, and "Nature morte aux fruits," 1908, and shows canvases from his early and later periods in Rouen and in Paris, and from his visits to Beauvais, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Caudebec, Honfleur, Giverny, Jaulgonne and other towns and environs of Normandy. Many of the major works have come from the fine private collection of French Impressionist masters of Monsieur and Madame Maurice Ecalles, of Paris, where Mr. Rex Nan Kivell, Director of the Redfern Gallery, was introduced to the painting of Pierre Dumont. Various other pictures were brought to light after many years of obscurity through relatives of the Ecalles family, who had been intimate with the artist during his lifetime. Through these preliminary introductions and after ten years of patient research and searching throughout France this collection was painstakingly made, and the Exhibition became an exciting reality. It is open until April 10th.

VIEWS AND NEWS OF ART IN AMERICA

BY ERIK LARSEN

WHILE perusing my copy of APOLLO's January issue, an observation recorded on the page "Events in Holland" held my attention. It referred to the dearth of good works of art in the Netherlands, as underscored by my Dutch colleague. The fact astonished me quite a bit, for here in America we suffer, on the contrary, from over-saturation. Dealers' stocks are replete with very fine works and overflowing with average stuff that is quoted far below world prices. Private collectors are conspicuous for their lack of ardour and interest. It is therefore no wonder that results obtained at public auction sales register the state of affairs and mirror the stagnancy of the American art-market in general. Dealers mostly aim at the jackpot, i.e., sales to museums, in order to recoup their heavy overheads by a numerically small turnover at inflated prices; the saddest part being that museums will squander their yearly allocations on a single, publicity-heralded acquisition, whereas similar or even better specimens by the same artist go a-begging, unabsorbed by a sluggish overstocked market that refuses to buy unless it is a "steal" and mainly attempts doing business with merchandise consigned from overseas. European owners should be warned, though, that shooting for the American moon is a very hazardous undertaking at the best; for one winner there are scores of participants left lying along the roadside.

The progressive lifting of currency restrictions abroad will, no doubt, carry in its wake a migratory flow of art works reversing the trend of the last decades. Elective affinities could restore them to shores where they will enjoy more active appreciation.

The only exception to this sombre picture are French impressionists of secondary quality and outright modernists, although, here, too, the very first choice commands better prices in England and France.

In this connection it is illuminating to read Bernard Berenson's latest little book on aesthetics, *Seeing and Knowing*. The dean of American art critics expounds the theory that all great art must retain a wholesome balance between seeing and knowing, the eye and the mind, the content of lived reality and formal expression. Art, according to Berenson, is a convention. Representation is a compromise with chaos, whether visual, verbal or musical. The compromise prolonged becomes a convention. The convention may last for a season, as is the case with fashion, or for thousands of years, as in ancient Egypt. . . . To keep a convention alive and growing fruitfully requires creative genius, and when that fails it either becomes mannered and academic or runs "amok," as in the last few decades. (Italics mine.)

We know that convention has run amok. The fact remains, however, that not everywhere have people enjoyed it, accepted it, and paid a good deal of cash for the privilege of having distorted and incongruous fabrications hanging on their very own walls. Take, for instance, the case of the so-called New York or Intra-Subjectivist School, and its most prominent representative, a certain Jackson Pollock. This man "creates" paintings by laying a canvas flat on the floor and dripping paint on it. The results, according to *The New Yorker* magazine, suggest New England "spattered" floors or bookbinders' old-fashioned "marble" paper—but they sell for as much as six thousand dollars! These prices, obtained *sans peine*, should be compared with the results of the last January sale of Old Masters at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, where an excellent Titian portrait of Count Giolamo della Torre was bought in at fifteen hundred dollars, for complete want of interest.

The lack of judgment implied by this state of affairs is not entirely the public's own fault; rather, the blame must be laid at the doors of the Museum of Modern Art (people

Portrait of a Man, by Hans Memlinc. Lent by Robert Lehman to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



like the aforesaid Jackson Pollock are, of course, the darlings of that Institution), as well as of some powerful American art magazines. The latter make a living out of catering to these depravations of taste, silencing opposition from the ranks of their readers by asserting shamelessly that the question was already settled and done with long ago. Editorial handling of dissenters strongly suggests that only a *minus habens* would dare to voice doubts concerning the soundness of generally accepted "art forms and modern means of expression."

High-pressure salesmanship can sell next to everything in this country, and there is quite a lot of money behind the drive of "the crazier—the merrier." The Museum of Modern Art having succeeded in getting bearers of great business names to serve at one time or another on its board of trustees—such as Mrs. W. Murray, Marshall Field, the late Edsel Ford, Mrs. Simon Guggenheim, no less than four Rockefellers, John Hay Whitney, etc.—the average wealthy individual feels no compunction in following so distinguished a leadership. For it is a local shibboleth that anyone who has made or inherited sufficient millions of dollars is, *ipso facto*, an authority on banking, economics, psychology, world politics, baseball, yachting, ornithology, theology and *les beaux-arts*.

Only backwood hicks like our past and present presidents, judges, doctors, lawyers, scientists and some hundred and fifty million levelheaded American citizens are unfriendly to the modernistic craze. However, they have not acquired the habit yet of purchasing art for their personal pleasure and enjoyment, and consequently do not exercise a corresponding influence upon current trends.

The esoteric minority can be proud of the results achieved.

When the Lehman and the Clark Collections went recently on public exhibit, at the Metropolitan and Knoedler's respectively, it could be authoritatively announced that there are currently no more than three prominent collectors of Old Masters in the whole of New York City, whereas seventy-five representative private *ensembles* of Modern Art could be lined up! As New York accounts for about 75 per cent of the global collecting activity in this country—museums excluded—the figures speak for themselves. Even these two collections do not comprise Old Masters exclusively—the modernists can claim their fair share, and ever more. Mr. Stephen C. Clark only recently disposed of fifteen Matisse paintings that he used to own.

To finish on a more optimistic note, allow me to present an uncommonly fine and expressive "portrait of a man" by Hans Memlinc, which belongs to Mr. Robert Lehman, and is part of his collection shown at present at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A more detailed review thereof will be the subject of my next article.

SILVER CASTERS AND CRUETS

Part II

BY G. BERNARD HUGHES



Fig. IX. A set of pyriform casters with girdled covers. By Joseph Ward, London, 1714. Courtesy Bracher and Sydenham.

Readers are referred to the January issue of APOLLO in which Part I appears, together with the first eight illustrations.

IN a series of vase-shaped casters made from about 1710 the concave curve of the upper body was accentuated. (Fig. IX.) The lower section was at first strengthened by a girdle a little below the join which was concealed by narrow moulding. This moulding soon became wider and shaped to form an interior shoulder into which the upper section was fitted and attached, thus dispensing with the lower body girdle. More costly examples were enriched by the addition of applied ornamental embossments or castings, which might extend the full length of the body in four recessed panels with a background of pouncing. (Fig. X.) This type of caster was supported by a short-necked spreading foot.

A new style of domed cover, less expensive to make, was introduced with the vase-shaped body, probably by Paul de Lamerie. A domed cage, with ten vertical bars of narrow moulding meeting at the top, was fitted with vertical panels of fret-cutting in alternating geometric and curved patterns. (Fig. XI.) By 1720 the panels had been slightly widened and their number reduced to eight (Fig. XII); after the mid-century the panels might be placed diagonally.

With the pyriform caster it was found possible to dispense with bayonet fasteners, the cover being kept firmly in position at first by extending the cover to overlap the body (Fig. XIII), then, by means of a sleeve extension of springy silver fitting closely inside the body opening, and later by a screwed joint.

Baluster-shaped casters are found bearing hall-marks ranging from the early 1700's to the 1750's. In these the body outline was reversed, the greatest width being towards the

top, from which it curved smoothly inward and downward to a widely flaring foot. (Fig. XIV.) The horizontal break across the body was dispensed with, the piece being cut



Fig. X. A set of vase-shaped casters on circular feet with reeded borders and a band of shells and scale work panels on a matted ground, the bodies chased with four panels of scrolling strapwork and foliage with cherubs' masks at the centre. Covers pierced with alternate panels of trellis work and scrolls. Maker, Paul de Lamerie, London, 1735. Courtesy Christie, Manson and Woods, Ltd.

Fig. XI. Set of vase-shaped casters with engraved bands below the shoulders: covers of the ten-panel domed cage type. By Abraham But-eux, London, 1726. Courtesy E. T. Biggs and Sons, Ltd.



Fig. XII. Set of vase-shaped casters, cover, body and foot rims encircled with reeded moulding: covers of the eight-panel domed cage type. By Paul de Lamerie, London, 1738. Courtesy Thomas Lumley, Ltd.

from the flat plate, rolled, shaped and invisibly seamed. The style of cover piercing complied with the fashion of the moment, vertical panels being the most usual.

A stronger outline was obtained when the caster was octagonal on plan, consisting of alternate wide and narrower panels, and was mounted upon a moulded octagonal foot. (Fig. XV.) The octagonal domed cover was pierced on each face with formal decoration and its flat octagonal top supported a knopped finial. Such a cover was made in two parts and invisibly seamed vertically, the rim being encircled with strengthening moulding matched by a second girdle a short distance above. From about 1715 the shoulder of the body was lowered and widened, a neck being formed to which moulding was applied: the lines of the octagon

Fig. XIII. A pair of casters with domed covers raised from the plate. These are extended to overlap the upper portion of the body. By David King, Dublin, 1701.

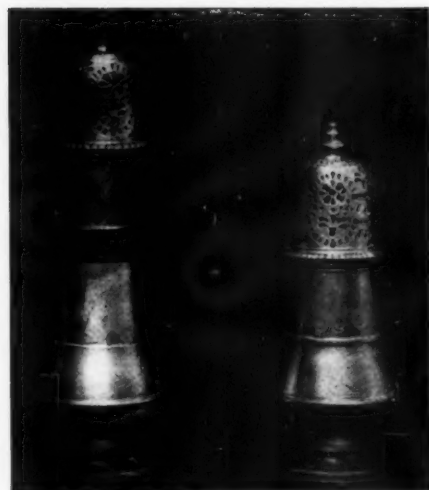


Fig. XIV. Baluster-shaped caster with widely flaring moulded foot. By Michou Melun, Exeter, 1733. Courtesy Brufords of Exeter.



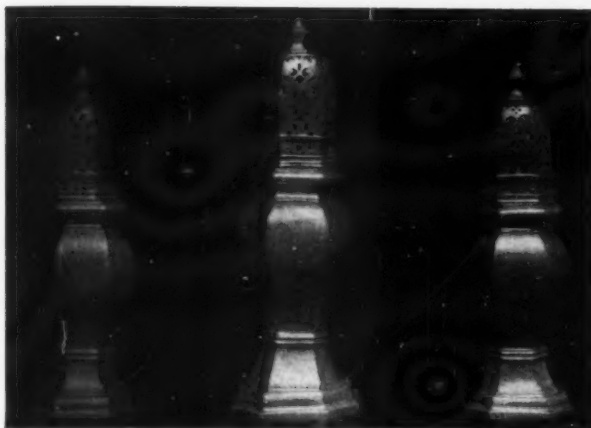


Fig. XV. Set of three casters with narrow octagonal bodies of baluster form on high moulded octagonal bases with covers domed and pierced with formal leaf motifs. By Joseph Walker, Dublin, 1709.

extended up the body from the foot. By 1715 the pyriform caster might also be made octagonal on plan with an encircling girdle, and supported by an octagonal foot (Fig. XVI.) The corners of the octagon were made sharper after the return to the sterling standard in 1720, and by 1725 they might be raised on short pedestal feet. (Fig. XVII.)

The hemispherical section of the pyriform body might be replaced by the ogee outline from about 1740, the upper section having vertical sides. Such a caster was undecorated at first, but narrow bands of gadrooning might encircle the cover rim, the expansive body shoulder and the foot. By the 1750's such casters became a field for expensive rococo embossing, often in swirling designs. Less expensively the lower body was encircled with embossed or applied swags. The cover was embossed and chased with a spiral pattern, the ground for fret-cutting being less extensive than formerly. Narrow bands of plain reeding might spiral the length of the body in the late 1750's and the 1760's.

Casters of crystal-clear flint-glass with silver fittings now became formidable competitors of the silversmith's productions. Cylindrical casters with domed covers and bayonet fasteners were still made, however, the covers being finely fret-cut in the neo-classic style. Small casters were produced in sets of six or more, all identical in size and pattern, made from stamped parts provided by factory silversmiths such as Matthew Boulton of Birmingham.

Between about 1775 and 1800 there was a great demand



Fig. XVI. Set of three octagonal pyriform casters in high standard silver. By Edward Vincent, London, 1716. Courtesy Brufords of Exeter.

for small cylindrical casters with pierced sides fitted with blue glass liners. Early examples were cut with pales and arches interspersed with festooned drapery and chased with borders of lace-work. Later the pierced sides might be ornamented with applied festoons of thinly stamped silver or similar classic motifs. A caster in this style was usually encircled by a narrow strengthening girdle a little below the middle, and stood upon a plain moulded base.

The largest casters made late in the XVIIIth century were no more capacious than those regarded as small early in the century. The early forms of casters continued to be made throughout the collector's period.

The hall-marks on high standard and other early silver casters were stamped on the body in a row immediately below the cover. The Court of Wardens at the London Assay Office in 1730 ruled that marks should be struck as far as possible from each other to prevent forgers from cutting them out in a single piece for working into a more imposing article in base metal. Marks thereafter were usually, but not invariably, struck beneath the base as far as convenient from each other. Thinly stamped factory-made casters were struck with small punches spaced as closely as possible around the exterior of the foot rim.

Domestic cruets were defined by Cotgrave in 1611 as "Violls wherein Oyle or Vinegar is served to the Table." Silver cruets were inventoried among domestic plate from early in the XVth century, generally as a matching pair and without a stand. Flint-glass cruets for the table were made during the final quarter of the XVIIth century. These had long tapering necks, mallet-shaped bodies with rounded bases: the surface of early examples might be pressed with raised diamond patterns. When sold in the shops they might be accompanied by loosely fitting hollow-blown stoppers in flint-glass or stoppers of silver with moulded and chased finials, and engraved with the owner's crest. Silver-mounted glass cruets were advertised by glass-sellers throughout the XVIIIth century; glass casters were listed separately.

(To be concluded.)

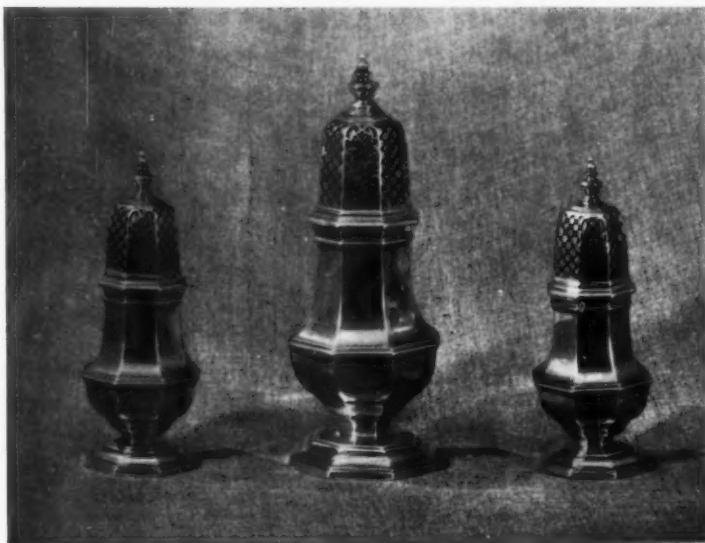


Fig. XVII. Octagonal vase-shaped casters on short pedestal feet, engraved with the arms of Kinaston. By Abraham Buteux, London, 1728. Courtesy Bracher and Sydenham.

EARLY VICTORIAN PORTRAIT IS IT EMILY BRONTE?

BY HENRY C. HALL

HERE is a reproduction of an unsigned early English portrait in oils of somewhat unusual interest by reason of its resemblance to the most famous English woman writer and poet, hence the query, "Is it Emily Bronte?" As a life member of the Bronte Society, and a life-long collector of pictures, this particular one has intrigued me since it was acquired a few years ago. There are certain unsigned pictures that provide interest and pleasure to a collector in tracking down their records, finding out who painted them, who owned them, getting to know all there is to know, and, if possible, completing their full "pedigrees." The pedigree of the one here reproduced is not quite complete, though a solution of its mysteries may yet be found. So in view of its interest, particulars are given here as to how, where, and why it was acquired, together with other information that may help readers of *APOLLO* to form their own opinions.

As a collector of pictures and books, living within a few miles of Nottingham, I patronise certain shops there that cater for collectors. Until he recently retired, the proprietor of one of the smaller shops dealt entirely in books, prints and pictures, and an arrangement with him was that when he had any special pictures or early Bronte editions he was to let me know. In this way various purchases were made from time to time which were entirely satisfactory from a collector's point of view. One day a letter came asking me to call, and later, as I entered his rather dark and dingy-looking shop, the proprietor immediately went to a locked cupboard towards the back of the premises where he kept "specials" for certain clients, so this gave promise of something good. He brought out what appeared to be an old picture, and this he handed to me without comment. The picture was dark and dirty in an old narrow gilt frame, an oil painting about 18 in. x 12 in., painted on an oak panel of early Victorian days. After a more careful examination, it was seen to be a head and shoulders portrait of a girl of that period, with a thoughtful expression and pleasing features, and hair parted in the middle, but otherwise little could be seen through the dirt and grime of over a century, for there was no glass in the frame and obviously never had been. After some little time I said, "Surely this is Emily Bronte?" The dealer smiled as he replied, "Yes, that's right, I bought it at auction as a Bronte portrait last week. I knew you would know." Turning the picture over, stuck down on the back of the panel was a printed label, tattered and torn and black with age, evidently bearing the name and address of the picture frame-maker when it was originally framed. After removing some of the dirt, the printed label read as follows, with here and there an odd letter missing or torn away:

ALFRED ELLIS
16 Bradford Road
DEWSBURY.
Picture frame maker, Carver & Gilder,
Artists Repository.
Works, Trinity Chapel Yard.



This at least seemed a helpful clue, if not considerably more than that, for Dewsbury, Yorkshire, is a town only some few miles from the old home of the Bronte sisters—The Parsonage, Haworth—so the picture had been very near there at one time. The frame, too, was obviously the original one. Asking more particulars, the dealer informed me he had bought it at an auction sale at a doctor's house in Sleaford, Lincolnshire, a sale that included many old paintings. After further scrutiny I was sufficiently interested to ask the price, and after a little hesitation he mentioned a sum in pounds that seemed quite modest, so making it into guineas, the picture became my property. After being cleaned and restored, it duly came back to me as now shown here, with every appearance of being a portrait of Emily Bronte in pensive mood.

Merely as a problem picture, it was first shown to a fellow-member of the Bronte Society, Mr. Geoffrey Larken, who has made a study of the Bronte sisters and given lectures concerning them. After gazing at the painting in silence for some time, he looked up and said, "Emily Bronte? Where did you get it? I wish it was mine, a charming portrait." Later, a photograph of the picture was sent to the Bronte Society for their opinion, and it was seen and considered by the members of the Bronte Society Council. In a long letter they agreed there was a very close resemblance indeed, but felt they were unable to say with any certainty that it was a portrait of Emily Bronte without further evidence. The National Portrait Gallery, London, was then approached, and they gave a similar verdict, suggesting it might be painted about 1840, and mentioned the name of Charles Baxter as a possibility, who painted portraits and female heads from 1834 to 1872. The dates fit with Emily Bronte 1818-1848, who would be twenty years of age in 1838. Other possible artists

might be considered such as Branwell Bronte, brother of the Bronte sisters, who was a portrait painter for a short time, and whose painting of the three sisters hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, London. Also William Robinson, 1799-1839, the portrait painter of Leeds, who studied at the Royal Academy Schools under Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was he who gave painting lessons to Emily Bronte at the Parsonage, and might have painted this portrait for his own pleasure. Concerning the tattered label on the back of the painting, searches were made by the Dewsbury Librarian for the name of Ellis or the business among old papers and documents at their disposal, but no trace could be found as far as their records went back, to about 1845.

Sotheby and Co., London, more recently made an expert examination of the painting for valuation, and described it thus, "English School, XIXth century. Head-and-shoulders portrait of a Girl, possibly Emily Bronte. Oil painting 17 in. x 14 in." The following is the description in the catalogue of my picture collection, which gives some idea of the colours. "English School, XIXth century. Head-and-shoulders portrait of a young woman thought to be Emily Bronte. Dark eyes and fair complexion, brown hair parted in the middle, wearing light red-brown dress with white trimming at the neck and light straw-coloured sun bonnet with pale blue ribbon. On panel, unsigned. Circa 1838-40."

LETTERS and Answers to Correspondents

The Editor, APOLLO.

ST. JEROME

Sir,—I forward a photograph of a 4 ft. 10½ in. by 3 ft. 10½ in. canvas belonging to my family and representing St. Jerome.

Eminent Italian and local experts have ascribed the painting, which has a resemblance to both Caravaggio's style and Ribera's, otherwise known as Lo Spagnoletto—to the Neapolitan School of "Caravaggeschi."



The painting is, according to art professors and connoisseurs that saw it, treated with decision and exquisite tenderness of poetic sentiment, and the portrait is a masterpiece of study in anatomy. The splendid effects of light and shade and the intensity of feeling make the picture technically of great importance.

Art collectors who may be visiting Malta are cordially invited to call upon me and examine the painting.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,

117, Rudolph St., Sliema, Malta.

ALBERT M. CASSOLA.

NOTES ON THE WORCESTER PORCELAIN FACTORY

Dear Sir,—I have just received the January APOLLO in which is written a most interesting article, "Some Notes on the Worcester Porcelain Factory."

Apart from being a dealer, I am interested in all matters concerning the early development of the English porcelain factories.

I was particularly interested in the quotation from the *London General Evening Post*, No. 3708, October 7-11, 1757. It so happens I possess a rather long run of *Lloyd's Evening Post* and *British Chronicle*, and in No. 35, from Friday, October 7, to Monday, October 10, 1757, in the paragraph dealing with Country News, it is most amusing to note exactly the same story concerning Dr. Wall. Furthermore, it is also amusing to note that *Lloyd's Evening Post* had a scoop of one day, and it also rather confirms that Dr. Wall must have been a man of some importance as a physician.

If it would be of special interest I could arrange to have a photograph made.

Yours very truly,

ALEX G. LEWIS.

57 East 57th St.,
New York 22 N.Y.

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA

Sir,—The Edinburgh Festival Society has invited Mr. Richard Buckle to organise for the forthcoming Festival, to be held between August 22nd and September 11, a comprehensive Exhibition to mark the 25th anniversary of Diaghilev's death.

I should be very grateful if anyone owning designs, portraits, caricatures or documents relative to the Diaghilev Ballet, or actual clothes or characteristic furniture of the period 1909 to 1929, and who would consider lending them, would write to me, giving full particulars.

Yours faithfully,

IAN HUNTER,

Artistic Director,

23, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Edinburgh Festival Society.

REMOVING OLD LACQUER

Dear Sir,—A few months ago I bought a very good XVIIIth-century bow-fronted chest of drawers, with original handles. But unfortunately the dealer from whom I got it had had them lacquered, because they were black. I have tried to clean it off without success; but as I am a regular reader of APOLLO I hope you may be able to tell me of something that will remove this garish lacquer, which spoils the whole appearance of the piece.

Yours faithfully,

Fieldholme,
Eastcombe, Stroud.

C. B. KIRKHAM.

* * *

Lacquers for brass fittings come under two headings: one type is made from amyl acetate, coloured with aniline dyes, and the other, the colourless type, is made from methylated spirits, shellac and gum sandarach.

The offending handles should be removed, and a small portion of one of them rubbed with amyl acetate and another small portion with methylated spirits, which will quickly show which of the two is the dissolving medium. The handles should then be placed in a small tin or basin and covered with whichever of the two liquids has proved to be the correct solvent, leaving them in soak until the lacquer has dissolved off. If any of the lacquer is obstinate and remains in odd corners, it can easily be removed by rubbing with No. 00 wire wool.

The brass will, over a period of time, dull down again to an antique finish, but if it is desired to speed up the natural effects, this can be done by the following method. Make up a solution of ammonium sulphide in water and immerse the handles. The correct strength to effect a particular shade can only be determined by experiment; the stronger the solution, the darker will be the shade. It is advisable, therefore, to commence with a very weak solution.

TOBY JUGS

Dear Sir,—Your October issue illustrates a "Ralph Wood" type Toby jug which would appear to be of Portuguese origin.

I enclose photographs of a "Whieldon" with tortoiseshell hat and coat, marked with a tiny imprint of a crown and the words MAFRA, CALDAS.

This, I understand, was made in Portugal about 1870 by a firm which specialised in copies of Palissy and Staffordshire ware.

Any other information concerning this firm would be of great interest (but no doubt disappointment) to some collectors of Toby jugs.

Yours faithfully,

St. Annes-on-Sea.

G. W. WOODCOCK.

* * *

There is very little to be seen in the front view of your interesting Toby which would give the immediate lie to a Whieldon attribution; virility of modelling, the pose, the character of the features, and the



APOLLO

appearance of the brilliant, running tortoiseshell glaze are all characteristic. That they are misleading is only apparent in the side-face photograph, for the handle is so out of character that a Continental origin would be suspected even if there were no mark.

Interest must, of course, lie in two regards: the obvious existence of such fine copies, and the origin of this particular one. If one may judge by the handle there was, in this instance at any rate, no intention to deceive, and we know of no Whieldon model of which this is an evident copy. On the other hand, the ability to reproduce cleverly is well demonstrated, and must give rise to a certain uneasiness in the mind of a collector, particularly since Mr. F. Stacey Hooker has two similar (but unmarked) specimens in his well-known comprehensive collection.

It is thought that Tobys were copied at the Spanish factory of Buen Retiro, whose marks include just such a crown. It is known that the potter Mafra copied both Palissy and early Staffordshire wares at Caldas da Rainha, in Portugal, from about 1853 onwards. We are rather puzzled by the strange circumstance that his usual impressed mark of MAFRA CALDAS is accompanied by an anchor and not, as in this case, by a crown. We assume that the mark on this jug is clear enough to allow the correct reading, but in any case it is sufficient, taken in its entirety, to place beyond any doubt the provenance not only of this Toby but of others which may have puzzled their owners. Unfortunately, there is no other information we can give, but as a matter of interest it is a fact that apart from the three jugs discussed here we have heard of only one other during the past thirty years.

GILES BEQUEST COMPETITION

Dear Sir,—I am writing to ask if you could find space in your editorial columns for a brief notice of the Giles Bequest Competition for colour linocuts and woodcuts.

The competition is open to British artists and others working in the British Isles or the Commonwealth. The woodcuts and linocuts entered must be printed in not less than two colours, and must have been done after January 1, 1953. There are otherwise no stipulations about size, subject-matter or the number of prints that may be submitted by any one artist. The judges are the Keeper of Prints in the British Museum, the Keeper of Prints, and the Keeper of Circulation in the Victoria and Albert Museum. There is a first prize of £75, two second prizes of £50, and two third prizes of £30. The prize-winning prints will be added to the permanent collections of both Museums. Entries must be in by June 30; the results will be announced before July 31. Further details may be had from the undersigned.

Yours faithfully,

PETER FLOUD,
Keeper of Circulation, Victoria and Albert Museum.

DUTCH FLOWER-PAINTINGS

Dear Sir,—The note on Dutch flower-pieces in the January issue was, of course, absolutely correct—flowers of all seasons appear on the single painting. Does anyone know how this artistic feat was achieved? Did the paintings take months to paint, flowers being added as they reached the blossoming stage? Or were individual flowers painted in their season on separate slips which were later selected and grouped for transference to the final painting? If so, it would suggest that flower-pieces were painted in winter-time indoors. Can we have an article on the subject?

The principle of grouping flowers irrespective of season is used occasionally in XVIIth century poetry. The flowers strewn on the hearse of Lycidas are an eternal trap for the mere literary critic who must shew that Milton knew nothing about flowers, or got his information solely from books, even though in 1637 he had lived for five years in the country. Edward King (Lycidas) was drowned on August 10, 1637, and yet Milton bids Alpheus and Arethusa bring "vernal flowers" to "purple" the ground, and proceeds:

Bring the rathe *primrose* that forsaken dies,
The tufted *crow-toe*, and pale *jessamine*,
The white *pink*, and the *pansy* freaked with jet,
The glowing *violet*,
The *musk-rose*, and the well-attired *woodbine*,
With *cowslips* wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid *amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
And *daffodills* fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

Excluding the mythical *amaranthus* which never fades, these flowers bloom at the following periods: *primrose* March-April; *tufted crow-toe* (wild *hyacinth*) April; *jessamine* February; *white pink* July; *pansy* April; *violet* April; *musk-rose* June; *woodbine* (yellow *honeysuckle*) July; *cowslips* April; *daffodils* March: none of these bloom in or after August, a fact which indicates care on Milton's part. *Amaranthus*, incidentally, is also a genus of flowers with coloured foliage, including love-lies-bleeding and prince's feather, and these may actually be indicated.

Milton would seem to have adopted the method of the flower-painters, that of the accumulation of detail to produce a symbol. In

the flower-paintings it may be that of Flower-beauty; in Milton's poem it may be simply Mourning-beauty. A parallel, however, in the achievement of a symbolical picture by the accumulation of a mass of associated details, all of which cannot be found in one specific example of the thing depicted, is to be found in some early poetical descriptions of Winter, e.g., in Lindsay, Sackville, and others, where the aim is to produce a symbolical picture of Winter as representing all the winters that ever were. I suspect that this principle affects also some paintings of winter landscapes, e.g., Brueghel's.

Yours faithfully,

The University, Sheffield, 10.

DOUGLAS HAMER.

COVERED VASES

Dear Sir,—I send you two enlargements of my vases. In the book *Marks and Monograms*, by W. Chaffer, edited in London, 1897, I found, on page 906, the same mark as on my vases, only the rope is twisted in the opposite side round the anchor. The vases are of soft porcelain and the colour is white. They are covered with a beautiful light greenish-blue enamel; the panels are painted in very fine colours, as light violet, pink, orange, yellow, purple, soft green, reddish-brown, grey-blue. In all, the colours were exceedingly plain and fine.

Yours faithfully,

Trieste.

ANTON PRELOG.

It has not been found possible to square up the decoration and the mark of the covered vase here reproduced. It has been dis-



covered, however, that copies of somewhat similar vases, emanating from a French or German factory, have appeared on the London market, and are relatively modern. The covered vase shown is somewhat plainer, and reinforces this view, i.e., that they are comparatively modern copies of an early Meissen type. As to the Chinese vase, a piece has recently been seen bearing a similar mark which was undoubtedly of the Wan Li period, and, as a result, it is not thought that the Chinese vases could be of this date.

It is not possible to be more explicit without actual examination,

DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM

Dear Sir,—I have kept on receiving your APOLLO because of its semi-classical trend, the concise and sound criticism of Perspex—the unrivalled and refreshing courage of "Shafts from Apollo's Bow," always up in arms against so-called Art Critics whose vocabulary of unintelligible gibberish and inept twaddle is a distinct mark of the degeneration of mankind, i.e., the higher level being swamped by the lower.

In recent numbers of the APOLLO there have been signs that your policy with regard to good draughtmanship and a high conception of art is more hesitating: advertisements are creeping more and more within the text, according to American fashion. But on the whole it is most agreeable and instructive reading.

Yours truly,

Grassina (Firenze).

R. CONSTANTINO.

EVENTS IN PARIS

AFTER Amsterdam and Brussels, the travelling exhibition of "Venetian masters from Veneziano to Tintoretto" has come to Paris. Made up for the most part of smaller, less impressive works, the show at the Orangerie takes us into the intimacy of the painters' studios: Tintoretto, for instance, with his "Birth of John the Baptist," "La Cena," his Brussels "Martyrdom of St. Mark," once attributed to El Greco because of the stylizations, and the picture of Christ with Mary Magdalene now attributed to Tintoretto by Venturi, makes us aware of how the limitations of colour obliged the Renaissance painters to concentrate on form and composition. Colour is identified with matter, with a richness of tone research, and relatively seldom with harmony in the ambitious modern sense of the word.

The Venetians are, *par excellence*, a school which gives us totally the life of the time. Beside the pathetic beauty of Giovanni Bellini's "Santa Giustina" (Bagatti collection), his "Crucifixion" and the exquisitely sad "Madonna col bambino" from the Brera Museum in Milan, one has the indirect cause of all this deep emotion and bitter search for abstract beauty—the brutish faces of noblemen, the inhuman (or only *too* human) creatures of an epoch of violent lives and deaths. The Renaissance period is very close to our own day (as is the art, in France, of the First Empire and the Restoration: we live in a similar age of uncertainties). Even the approach to art is not dissimilar. An early Quattrocentist like Pisanello, whose drawings are exhibited, seems to draw close, for instance, to the contemporary feeling that a picture exists to exploit form and matter more than anything else. His power to suggest volume with the most delicate line indicates that for him the model was principally a pretext for geometry—in his case, a play on ellipses.

Something of Titian's colours—his velvet reds and ultramarines—are to be seen in the pictures of Vera Cunningham, who is exhibiting for the third time in Paris (at the Galerie Creuze). Cunningham's world is that of an English romantic pushed to macabre lengths, with everything except colour sacrificed to the subjective expression. But the gap between the Renaissance drawings of Pisanello and the modern engravings of Roger Vieillard (Galerie de France) is a wider one. Vieillard, whose remarkable works have gone round the world, is chiefly occupied with semi-abstract designs in his latest show. Most of the works were executed to illustrate books—including a notable set for a luxury edition of Ecclesiastes—and Vieillard pushes literary feeling to a point rarely achieved with such complete success in a visual art.

W. B. Yeats' brother Jack has a large showing of canvases at the Beaux-Arts. Yeats' world is a fey one of airy Irish romanticism in varied, resonant, rather too charming colours applied with bold knife-strokes. Bodies, heads and horses blend in with the landscape effectively. Down the street at the Drouant-David, the pendulum swings back again with a show of nudes by Bernard Buffet. Just as Yeats' colours are true of himself, not the Irish scene or the misty mysterious universe of the Celtic spirit, so Buffet's world of pathological fear (for surely this is what one notices more than the admittedly monumental line of a talented graphist) reflects with grim sincerity a case of one man's awful sense of aloneness in a world too big. Over the intellectual talk of Buffet's power to create so much with voluntarily limited means one has a desire to cry out that there is a sense of torment here which merits something more than just our admiration. The intellectual attitude to this youthful prodigy calls to mind the remarks of people who talk of circus freaks as "quaint" or who use the homeless families living under the bridges of the Seine as an excuse for photographs. Buffet is something more topical than just a painter. The genius of van Gogh and Gauguin—and for that matter of Nietzsche and de Maupassant—cannot close our eyes to the fact that their lives and their identical deaths were in the end more terrible than the beauty of the artist's or the



Bazille: Renoir as a young man.
Gal. Charpentier.

thinker's work. Buffet, who is back again at his "graveyard" style, is first and foremost a victim of his own obsessions.

The Galerie d'Art du Faubourg has a collection of pictures "Renoir to Lorjou." The latest Lorjous are lighter in touch, more decorative. The Modiglianis include a remarkable portrait of Beatrice Hastings from the Cailler collection in Geneva. The Galerie Guénégaud offers a new painter, Weston, with a great sense of discreet colour, and the Bibliothèque Nationale a collection of pictures, manuscripts and unusual editions, all connected with the life of Prosper Mérimée.

An exhibition of 200 portraits serves as a proof that literary values have a place in painting, but rarely, perhaps, in great painting. The more illustrious the model, the more intense the inspiration (usually); the more intense the inspiration the more the subject swamps the technique. This is, I think, one of the lessons one draws from the show "Célébrités françaises," at the Charpentier. Fortunately, there are exceptions, and above all this exhibition is, for anyone who has studied one or other of the periods of French history, a voyage into the anecdotal past. Personally, to the cardinals and generals, I much prefer pictures like Marie Bashkirtseff painted by herself, with the bullet wound of an angry lover across her lip. Bashkirtseff, who died at twenty-four, was said to be the only intelligent woman who was ever in love with de Maupassant (who never had less than a dozen admirers). They would have made an historic if volcanic couple. The painter with whom she lived, Bastien-Lepage (not responsible for the shooting), gives us Juliette Drouet, Victor Hugo's mistress, at the age of eighty-three: a pose of the head that suggests a former actress and the proud, blank gaze of the distinguished "widow."

Dedreux's portrait of Napoleon III shows him on the bay he afterwards bought from the painter. The horse looks more intelligent than the Emperor, as he probably was. There is a story to this as well: Dedreux sold the mount to the Prince through the offices of the Stablemaster at the Palace. The Stablemaster doubled the price, thus swindling the painter and the Emperor. The artist challenged the professional soldier to a duel (Pushkin died of the same mistake) and was thus killed a few weeks after painting the animal. Madame Tallien, the instigator of *Thermidor*—the counter-revolution which led to Napoleon and changed the face of Europe for ever—is portrayed by a minor painter, Laneuville, in her prison cell at St.-Lazare, waiting for Tallien to raise the city for her. Prud'hon gives Madame Roland, whose fate at the Revolution was less fortunate, a smile slavishly copied from the Giaconda. Among this dusty galaxy of famous faces, half the door of Modigliani's studio, bearing a painted sketch of his friend the painter Soutine, strikes a sudden violent note.

R. W. H.

LONDON NOTES

BY MARY SORRELL

A JEWELLER'S window is ever a source of magnetism to all ages, and to-day, jewels, from the barbaric to the most chaste, are worn on every possible occasion. As yet our civilized race has not succumbed to the temptation of wearing them strung through our noses, but we do actually gum them on to our flesh when a pin or clip will not suffice! When visiting Wartski's, Court jewellers, of Regent Street, I saw none of these particular luxuries, but from shop-window gazing at the very lovely array I went inside to examine more closely two pairs of XVIIIth-century diamond ear-rings of Georgian and French origin. The Georgian pair measure one and nine-tenth inches long, and are not backed, so that the light filters through, adding to their flashing cascades. A rosette of diamonds fits on each lobe, and the pear-shaped drop is of varying sized stones. The French ones are slightly larger, measuring two and three-quarter inches, and are equally dazzling, and in place of the rosette, a knot of diamonds caresses the ear. The drop is similar in form to the English pair, and their setting is of gold and silver.

These jewels belong to an earlier period than some of the pictures I saw at Newman's in Duke Street, St. James, and there three paintings especially interested me. One, by an Italian artist, Antonio Rotta, of whom very little is known, was painted about 1893, and is a study of youth and age. A flaxen-haired child sits and gazes curiously at her aged grandmother peeling an egg, as does a cat perched on the old lady's shoulder. The quality of the pigment is rich and mellow, and the humble interior, with its basket of logs, chest and spinning wheel, are lovingly painted. Another picture is by William Collins, R.A. (son of Wilkie Collins, the novelist), who was perhaps a trifle influenced by George Morland. Painted in 1812, it is believed to have been exhibited at the British Institution in 1817, and is called "The Young Cottagers First Purchase." Excellently preserved, this is as pleasing as the peasant interior by Bernardus Johannes Bloomers, born 1845, and a Dutch contemporary of Anton Mauve and Matthew Maris.

A stone's-throw away, at Albert Amor, Ltd., Bury Street, I found a pair of Bow pugilists that would surely delight many ardent admirers of this sport. These two figures, freely modelled, and each six and three-quarter inches high, are in perfect condition and unmarked. They stand on pierced rococo bases, and their hats and cloaks lie beside them. Their muscular vitality has a quaint humorous charm, and they come from the collection of Miss de Saumarez, and are very rare. The Dr. Wall period produced some exceptionally fine Worcester porcelain, and near to the boxers was a most elegant bowl, made about 1765, and painted with trailing sprays of flowers and foliage, and a deep pink-scaled cornucopia bordering. The diameter is six and a half inches. A Bow saucer-dish with a dark blue border is elaborately painted by Giles, in a theme of youthful lovers on river banks, and a pair similar to this one, from the late Sir Bernard Eckstein's Collection, were sold at Sotheby's in 1949.

Needlework is often associated with samplers and the more fragile fancies from feminine hands, but the huge French carpet I trod on at John's, South Audley Street, was probably made in a French convent, and must have required very strong wrists and hands to stitch the gros-point. It is 20 ft. 2 in. by 11 ft. 8 in., and the background is worked in the dual colours of XVIIIth-century damask. An exotic border of vivid flowers, leaves and scrolls on black is typical of the French and Spanish damask of that period. Valuable in the extreme, it would enliven any depressing abode. This cross-stitch for upholstery was as popular in XVIIIth-century England as in our present era. Sometimes, though, our primitive instincts arise when a silken thread is not fine enough, and we pull a hair from our heads to complete the



Bow Saucer Dish

Albert Amor Ltd.

stitchery! My preference, however, was for the harmonious tones of a Herekye silk hunting rug, with 1,200 knots to the square inch. It is almost weightless, and looks as if it has been brushed by shafts of sunlight and haze, and the clear outlines of the fairy-tale pattern are those of a XVIth-century Persian carpet.

What could be as enchanting as the William and Mary knee-hole dressing table at Woolletts, in Wigmore Street? The top drawer is fitted with pigeon-holes and beneath this runs a ribbon-slim drawer. There's a sliding cupboard in the knee-hole, and a tier of drawers on either side. Carved in walnut, with a narrow strip of cross-banding round the table-top, this perfectly proportioned piece stands 16½ in. deep by 27 in. across, and is priced in the region of £300. The same gallery has some exquisite miniatures—an art which, alas, has now degenerated into the abyss of crudity. Mary Anne Oakes, mother of Captain Orbell, R.N., was painted in a white dress by Andrew Plimer, circa 1810. A golden frame surrounds her, and the back is equally beautiful, with a lock of hair encased in iridescent enamel and gold. Another, of a man in a grey wig and coat, by Engleheart, circa 1790, and most sensitively painted, has an even more fascinating back, wherein minute flower-sprays with pearls on opalescent enamel are enclosed. A true lovers' knot of hair is centred with a tiny golden heart. Royal academician Spicer enamelled his miniature on gold—a rare technique indeed. It is surrounded by old paste, and dated a little earlier, about 1770. And of special interest to all of us is the title His Royal Highness, Alfred Ernest Albert, First Duke of Edinburgh, enamelled after Winterhalter's painting by William Essex.

MARK GERTLER

Dear Sir,—I should like to bring to your attention the fact that the painting by Mark Gertler, "Family Group" (c. 1908), reproduced on page 133 of your November 1953 issue to accompany the interesting article on Gertler by Mary Sorrell, was recently acquired by this gallery from a private collector. Would it be possible for you to publish a note to this effect?

Negotiations are in progress at this moment with Gertler's legal representatives to acquire the copyright of this painting for Southampton Art Gallery.

Yours faithfully,
Art Gallery, Civic Centre,
Southampton.

M. A. PALMER.

Curator.

EVENTS IN HOLLAND

THE already famous Dutch Antiques Fair in the Delft museum, which will be organised again this summer by the outstanding art dealers of the Netherlands, got a branch in Rotterdam; two well-known firms, Joan Dirven from Eindhoven and J. Wiegersma from Utrecht, exhibited, in good fellowship and collaboration, their treasures in the rooms of the Rotterdam art-circle. One may say that this novel experience met a long-felt want, because, oddly enough, there is no antique trade in this busy town. The two exhibitors showed chiefly mediæval and Asiatic art. They brought together a charming arrangement of furniture, sculpture and works of art and crafts of remarkable quality. Both firms specialise in applied art of early centuries. Wiegersma excels in XIVth-century ivories and enamels from Limoges, Dirven prefers oak-wood furniture, Dutch silver and, above all, religious plastic art as bronzes and wood-carvings.

The Hague, the old royal residence, may glory even yet in a few art-dealing firms with an international reputation. In general, these old-established connoisseurs don't like to organise public exhibitions in order to attract spectators, but they suppose that collectors will take the trouble to call on them anyhow. An exception to the rule forms in this respect Mr. Nieuwenhuizen-Segaar, who is settled opposite the Peace Palace and concentrates mainly on modern paintings. This time, however, he has brought together about fifty pictures from the XVth to the XXth century with the subject "Interior," which are to be seen till the middle of the month. The oldest painting is a "Vanitas," or *memento mori*, with an interior seen in the background by an unidentified early Dutch artist, probably the reverse side of a lost religious picture. Next to some smaller XVIIth-century masters various outstanding XIXth- and XXth-century works are on view: two early van Gogh's, F. Leger, J. Metzinger and Gino Severini, just to mention a few names. Apart from many semi-modern Dutch paintings a water-colour drawing by J. Bosboom, representing the interior of the Bavo Church in Haarlem, strikes the eye.

The centre of the Amsterdam antiques trade remains, next to the Spiegelstraat, the "Rokin" between the Palace on the Dam and the Mint-tower; almost a dozen dealers in old and modern masters, drawings and antiques form here the backbone of the art world of the Dutch capital. All these firms, too, hardly ever organise an individual exhibition. It may be by chance that three leading dealers in antiques, Morpurgo, Stodel and Vecht, display in their show windows simultaneously Delft pottery, blue and white as well as polychrome, in great variety and fine quality. And one of the picture dealers, Houthakker, also presents typical Dutch works of art; he proudly announces the rediscovery, in a recent London sale, of two XVIIIth-century Amsterdam town views by Jan Ekels (1759) and Isaak Ouwater (1778).

The Dutch art world has been shocked by the purchase of a Picasso by the Eindhoven museum for about £12,000. It concerns a well-known cubist picture from the Roland Penrose London collection "Woman in Green," which was created in the autumn of 1909. It is the merit of the director of the museum, Dr. de Wilde, that he could build up, within a very short period, a noteworthy collection of modern art on an international level. In order to form a basic collection of high-class paintings of our time, he managed to persuade the City Fathers of Eindhoven to vote a credit of £30,000 for new acquisitions, no mean achievement for a provincial museum.

On the other hand, not a dozen or more Picasso's can recoup the loss of a Matthias Grunewald (his real name is Mathis Gothardt-Neithardt), "The Crucifixion" from the Koenigs collection in Haarlem, which has been sold for ca. £150,000 to the Kress collection for the National Gallery in Washington. This small expressive and colourful work of art, which in 1605 was in the possession of Duke William V



Interior Bavo Church

J. BOSBOOM

Courtesy of G. J. Nieuwenhuizen Segaar, The Hague

of Bavaria, and disappeared after 1675, had been acquired by the banker F. Koenigs in 1927 for an amount of 750,000 German Reichsmark. The German Government permitted the export from the Reich under the condition that the painting should be on exhibit once every year in a German museum. In 1938 it was to be seen in the museum Boymans, Rotterdam, on occasion of the famous exhibition "Masterpieces from four centuries," and after the war it had been found in the Staatsgalerie at Vienna. The present-day Federal Government in Bonn considers the sale a serious violation of the stipulations which had been agreed nearly thirty years ago. One has no hesitation in speaking of a scandal and will try, probably in vain, by diplomatic démarches to recover the picture. In any case, it is very deplorable that this Grunewald could not be kept in Holland in a private collection or a museum.

An outstanding sale of drawings and prints is being held in the first week of March by Messrs. Frederik Muller in Amsterdam. A sumptuous catalogue records about 1,400 lots, mainly drawings from the well-known collection H. C. Valkema-Blouw and duplicates from the print-room of the Rijksmuseum. The third category forms a private collection of XVIIIth-century topographical water-colours and fine naval drawings by William van de Velde from the Paul Sandby collection, representing the last day of the Four Days' Battle (June 14th, 1666), and the Battle of Solebay on June 7th, 1672. In the last sale at Messrs. Mak van Waay, H. S. Nienhuis, Amsterdam, an average of £200 had been paid for Dutch masters as P. de Bloot, Q. Brekekenkam, A. v. Oostade and R. Salm. A landscape by Sal. v. Ruysdael fetched 3,200 guilders.

The Municipal Museum in the Hague announces a couple of exhibitions. Actually are to be seen: Venetian glass, graphic art from four artists, namely, Escher, Heusden, Kruiningen and Prange, and for the sixth time after 1947 a combined show of present-day sculptors and painters from the Hague. Utrecht is proud to present Senator Chateaubriand's acquisitions for the São Paulo museum. Sixty masterpieces from Mantegna up to the Impressionists give an idea of the most remarkable purchases during the past eight years. Finally, two exhibitions of contemporary art catch the eye: fine examples of French posters in the Arnhem Museum and colourful French tapestries in the Municipal Museum of Amsterdam. A good survey of the production of Aubusson, Bauvais and some private "ateliers" is given. The first rooms are occupied by Lurcat's compositions and works under his influence by Jean Picard-le-Doux and Marc Saint-Saens. These three masters created real tapestries, whereas quite a number of other hangings are simply exact copies in wool after abstract paintings of well-known masters as Léger, Le Corbusier, Matisse, Herbin, Manessier and others.

H. M. C.

THE LIBRARY SHELF

THE PERSIAN CARPETS WE USE BY GEORGE WINGFIELD DIGBY

MANY people prefer their information about carpets to be highly coloured with romance, and Oriental carpet dealers seldom fail in their task of offering a good measure of fantasy with their wares. It is more satisfying and easier for the average purchaser of a carpet to believe in tales of dyes derived from crushed jewels, heirlooms of Shahs and Princesses, and elaborate pedigrees of great antiquity, than to trust to his own eyes and judgment with regard to quality and beauty. Yet quality and beauty are the factors which distinguish carpets and separate them into innumerable categories ranging from the bare utilitarian article to the rare work of art. Not only can the quality of good yarn and dyes of sound texture and durability be judged and appreciated by the practised eye and the trained sense of touch, but the history and provenance of a given piece can (within certain limits) be definitely determined.

Fact can be as strange as fiction in this context as much as any other. The history of Persian carpet weaving is a complex and fascinating subject where political, cultural, and commercial influences are ever playing their varying parts. This is not only true today, but it has always been so, and a detailed account of the contemporary manufacture of carpets and rugs in Persia, in its cities and larger centres as well as in its villages and among its nomad tribes, is of interest in itself provided the information is sufficiently detailed and accurate. It is also of invaluable help in forming a picture of this same manufacture in previous centuries.

Such an account has now been given us by A. Cecil Edwards in his book *The Persian Carpet*.^{*} The information contained in this book derives from first-hand experience. The author combines a wealth of factual detail with a variety of colourful word pictures of the weavers at their work in village, factory and market-place. These lively impressions are augmented with numerous photographic illustrations, which make this book not only an important but a highly readable document. We have become accustomed to carpet books which deal with the subject at second or third hand, which are derivative, academic, or just catalogues. Cecil Edwards' book is written with intimate knowledge of the weaving communities and from personal enquiry and experience. It is of first-rate importance among carpet books and a unique document on the modern manufacture and trade in Persia.

For nearly fifty years Cecil Edwards was connected with this trade and thirteen of these he spent in Persia. At the end of his business career in 1948 he visited Persia again to write this book and with his own motor-van spent another year there visiting the different carpet-making centres and localities and travelling 8,500 miles. His intimate knowledge of Persia and its varied population is apparent on every page, as is his thorough knowledge of the processes which go into

the making of rugs and carpets. He possesses also in good measure a sound knowledge of Persia's past achievements and her great carpet heritage, and he has succeeded in giving his book an admirable historical perspective which enlivens (as it should) his contemporary record.

The carpets about which Cecil Edwards writes are the modern carpets which we use and are familiar with. The history of this modern period begins in the 1870's when the Tabriz merchants began to organise the older industry and to develop it. The Tabriz merchants were the pioneers, but in the 1880's, Messrs. Ziegler, of Manchester, established themselves at Sultānābād (Arāk) and were closely followed by a number of other Western firms, chiefly from the U.S.A. Their influence became great, if not paramount, in the industry, but it was always offset by two factors. First, the nomad and village weavers made rugs principally for themselves, although they were always ready to adapt their designs and textures to supply an external market. Theirs was a conservative, traditional influence, as it always has been. Second, the Persian market itself, with the reforms and enterprise of Shah Riza Khan in the 1920's, was sufficient to bolster to some extent the loss of Western trade after the first, and again the second, World Wars.

In his book Cecil Edwards takes each of the carpet centres in turn. He introduces the reader to the different regions with a brief historical sketch, and with a description of the principal city, which may be either a seat of manufacture itself or a market for the surrounding villages (or both) and he illustrates his topographical descriptions with excellent photographs. One obtains an extraordinary lively impression of the character of the place and people. One also has the assurance of knowing that the author is familiar with most of the great travel authors of Persia from the Arab historians,

through the XVIth and XVIIth centuries, to Sir P. M. Sykes.

Such arresting and evocative sentences as the following are typical: "There are half a dozen villages in Persia—each a planless agglomeration of a few hundred flat-roofed cottages built of mud and poplar poles; each with uneven and paved alleyways winding between crumbling mud walls; and each inhabited by a poor and ignorant peasantry—which bear nevertheless names which are renowned the world over. Such are Ravār, Sarūk Jozān, Heriz and Joshaqān.

But Joshaqān, he continues, "especially in Summer, is a charming little place. A stream runs through it, a half ruined fort, with four tall towers, grimly overlooks it; and an 'Imam Zadeh' with conical, turquoise roof, adds to it a spot of colour. The monotony of its drab mud houses is in part relieved and in part concealed by slender poplars."

About Joshaqān carpets he gives the following information. Unlike almost all other villages, Joshaqān and its neighbour Meimeh, have remained faithful to their two main patterns and have refused to abandon them for the



A JOZAN RUG (c. 1935)

The delicate, lace-like edging of the medallion and corners—with the same motive in the border—is a characteristic of the best rugs of the Malayer area.

^{*} *The Persian Carpet*. A. Cecil Edwards. (A Survey of the Carpet-Weaving Industry of Persia.) Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd. £10 10s.

passing demands of fashion. This fact is indeed generally recognised in carpet books and Jolshaqān patterns can be linked with XVIIIth and even XVIIth century designs. Edwards tells us that they use roller beams on their looms, which is extremely unusual in the villages, and he says that they were first supplied to them by the Kashān merchants in the 1850's. He praises their excellent madder dye and among the twelve colours they habitually employ he notes that they prefer vine-leaves to weld for yellow and that they have withstood the temptation of synthetic dyes.

Ravār (mentioned above) is the name of a small village near Kermān; it has the reputation of being a very old centre of weaving. In the XVIIIth century and earlier Kermān was better known for its shawls than its carpets (although a few museum pieces are sometimes attributed to XVIIIth century Kermān). Edwards cites a carpet in the Shrine Collection at Kermān made at Ravār and dated 1866. This antedates the rise of Kermān as a carpet weaving centre, which was due to the Tabriz merchants in about 1900. In estimating Kermān as the leading centre of Persia for the quality of its carpets Edwards is in agreement with most authorities. But he is able to give many very interesting details about their manufacture and its organisation, information which is more detailed and convincing than anything to be found in Mumford, Hawley, Tattersall or Dilley. Moreover, he illustrates no less than thirty-four carpet designs of Kermān, many of them dated and some attributed to a known designer.

Sarūq takes us to the chapter on Sultānābād (Arāk) and its environs, where the firm of Ziegler was influential. Edwards' account of the older Sarūq medallion carpets from the West Feraghan district confirms what is generally known, though he is much more conservative in estimating the age of these fine quality rugs than some authorities. From the Feraghan region a large number of rugs and carpets have come to Europe during the last seventy or eighty years. The largest and coarsest are known as Mūskhabāds; rather finer are the Mahāls; and the stiff, tightly and finely woven rugs with medallions, and intricate designs in the field are associated with Sarūq, a village of about eight hundred houses.

Jozān is a village in the Malayer district which lies between Arāk and Hamadān. Its rugs have a great reputation in Persia, which Edwards suggests is as much due to the skill and care of the villagers in attending to all the processes from fleece to rug, as the special properties of the water which imparts a softness and brilliancy to the yarn and dyes. A typical Jozān rug is here illustrated.

Heriz shares with Gorevan the type-name for a splendid group of large-patterned carpets. Edwards' account of the origin of this group is very interesting. The Tabriz merchants, in the early days of the carpet revival, had contented themselves with buying up old carpets for export to supplement those being made on their own looms. Such carpets were chiefly patterned with a small all-over diaper, such as the Herātī design, which had become popular in Europe in the early XIXth century. Perceiving that the export trade was beginning to demand a different style of design, the Tabriz merchants sent some of their medallion-and-corner designs, copied from classical Sefavid carpets, to Heriz and Gorevan, the two best weaving villages in the district East of Tabriz. The village weavers, quite unable to cope with these complex curvilinear designs, greatly simplified them and produced those bold-patterned carpets which combine simplicity with a certain air of tradition. They at once had an astonishing and prolonged success. Edwards is able to recount a very interesting story (page 65) from his personal experience, which bears out his theory and which he illustrates with two photographs.

A particular merit of Cecil Edwards' book is his wonderful display of illustrations. There are no less than four hundred and nineteen reproductions. The book is also well supplied with maps, which are most necessary in the study of carpet localities, and so seldom adequately provided.

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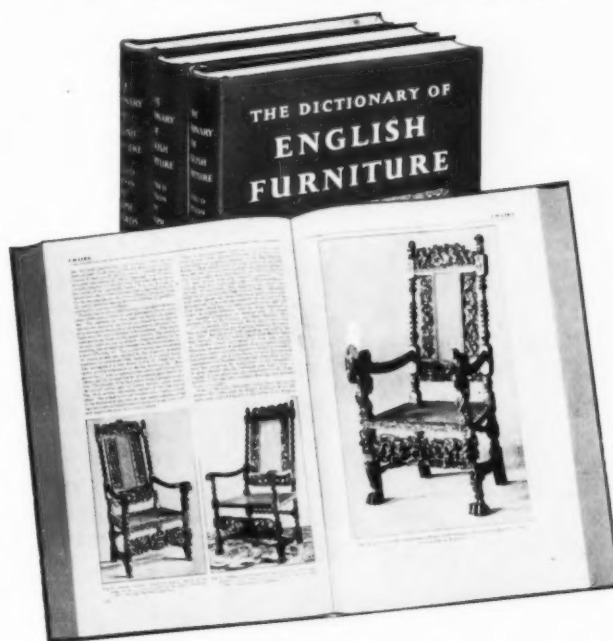
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FOLLIES AND GROTTOS. By
BARBARA JONES. Constable. 40s.

Reviewed by Gladys Scott Thomson

The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines a Folly as a name for any costly structure considered to have shown folly in the builder; and goes on to illustrate the same by references which begin with the quotation from Whitlock's *Zootomia*, 1654, concerning "buildings, needless, vain or ill contrived." Nevertheless, the compilers add that the expression may bear another meaning, that of the French *folie*, which signifies a delightful or familiar abode and appears to be the word used by Hubert de Burgh as early as 1228 when he built his castle on the Welsh border. As for the grotto, that is, of course, a cavern or cave, when artificial almost invariably shell-decorated, serving as a cool and pleasant retreat in the summer season. The early follies were buildings intended for use, whether ill conceived or not; the first grottoes were undoubtedly natural phenomena. But with the romantic revival when, in the words of Sir Kenneth Clark "Gothic was the fashionable melancholy," came the sham ruins, for which, so Sir Kenneth thinks, Kent may have been first responsible, and he says, were certainly referred to as "follies" from the first. Now Miss Jones is not concerned, except cursorily, with the state of mind which demanded James Thomson's "weeping grottoes" or Mrs. Radcliffe's "moonlight aisles." What she has set out to do is to compile under counties, in the second part of her volume, a list of the follies and grottoes she has personally

examined; adding, in the earlier pages, detailed descriptions. She has covered a very wide field both in place and time; going back behind the sham ruins of the XVIIIth and early XIXth centuries to the prospect towers, gazebos and even castellated houses which began to appear in the XVIth century. Inevitably her list is not quite complete. Inevitably also, some of her statements are open to question. Hawksmoor must be permitted to share more of the responsibility for Castle Howard with Vanbrugh. The date for the making of the grotto at Woburn Abbey can be fixed more exactly than she allows. The arms over the doorway, which she does not mention, are those of the fourth earl, who died in 1641 and who was responsible some twelve years earlier for the erection of the house, almost certainly not the work of Inigo Jones. There is ample evidence for the extensive re-decoration of the grotto in the middle sixteen-sixties, when the glass doors were added. The date 1660, however, cut in the stone by one of these doors, to which Miss Jones alludes, has alas! nothing to do with the grotto itself. It belongs to an inscription by a love-sick swain.

The list given by Miss Jones should be useful to all who desire to inspect these curiosities of architecture. She has a gift for description that she is able to reinforce by her admirable drawings. It is a pity that the photographs are not of the same quality. It is regrettable that, knowing how to describe, she should mar the descriptions by her fondness for loose writing, colloquial expressions and even slang.

DEGAS; EL GRECO; RODIN; VAN GOGH. *Ars Mundi* Series. William Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d. each.

Reviewed by Bernadette Murphy

The first four of the "*Ars Mundi*" series of art books, which has recently been launched in this country by Heinemann, deal with El Greco, Van Gogh, Degas and Rodin, a good choice for establishing the wide popularity of the edition. These admirably produced handbooks should appeal to that increasing section of the population, the art-amateurs, who have a lively feeling for art and an intelligent interest in the lives of the great artists, but find most art criticism baffling, if not largely unintelligible. They are moderate in price, of a convenient size (unlike the majority of art books), and there are between seventy and eighty plates to twenty to thirty pages of letterpress to each book. Moreover, the illustrations are sufficiently well reproduced to give an adequate general impression of the artist's achievement. In the short introductions (which have been translated from the French) the subject's life, development and aims in art are touched upon. There is a certain amount of abstruse theorising here, especially in the essay devoted to El Greco—it seems to be almost inseparable from any attempt made by a French writer to assess an artist's importance or describe his style—but the short monographs in these little books do, nevertheless, indicate something of the essential quality of each of the great masters dealt with.

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FOUR CENTURIES OF EUROPEAN JEWELLERY. By ERNLE BRADFORD. Country Life. 42s.

Reviewed by C. C. Oman

For nearly forty years Mr. H. Clifford Smith's *Jewellery* was the only authoritative book on the subject in English. Since 1950 the position has been radically changed by the appearance of three important works, Ronald Jessup's *Anglo-Saxon Jewellery*, Joan Evans's *History of Jewellery, 1100-1870*, and Margaret Flower's *Victorian Jewellery*. The first of these is a book avowedly for the specialist and few purchasers will be able to afford both the other two. There is, therefore, certainly scope for a popular introduction to the jewellery of the last four hundred years.

Mr. Bradford has devoted the first six of his chapters to a chronological approach and the remainder to varieties of jewellery—e.g., diamond jewellery, cameos and intaglios, paste marcasite and cut-steel jewellery, etc.

He has also unfortunately allowed himself frequent digressions on to irrelevant subjects such as Mesopotamian seal-cutting and the jewellery of Ancient Greece. In general, his information is correct, but he has missed some essential points—e.g., that the growth of night life in the XVIIIth century was responsible for increasing the popularity of diamonds, which showed up well by artificial light. In speaking of English XVIIIth-century rings he rashly states that "diamonds and other precious stones were set in silver and gold settings very much like those used to-day." This is a bad lapse, since open back settings only go back to about 1800.

THE LIBRARY SHELF

WEDGWOOD. By WOLF MANKOWITZ. Batsford. 7 guineas net.

Reviewed by Geoffrey W. Beard

The XIXth century was rich in biographies and monographs about the achievements of Josiah Wedgwood, which served to distort perspectives and caused his reputation to suffer by an "excess of adulation." In 1947 Mr. Bernard Rackham talked to the English Ceramic Circle on "Wedgwood Reconsidered," and the handsome volume, now under review, is dedicated to the revived connoisseurship of Wedgwood. Its author, Wolf Mankowitz, is one of the leading Wedgwood dealers, and he has brought to his task of reassessment an exact knowledge of what the collector wishes to know. The past has concentrated on the jasper ware—Rackham and Mankowitz are concerned with the table services in cream-colour or Queen's Ware and other kindred bodies "admitted to the classic precincts of Etruria."

In a delightful characteristic preface, the author explains how the great collectors of the past built their collections in the few years following the death of Queen Victoria and how Wedgwood migrated to America. Indeed, Mr. Mankowitz has only recently returned from an American visit in search of rare Wedgwood taken there as a result of indiscriminate purchases in the past.

"To estimate the period of manufacture of a ware it is essential to know something of methods and conditions of manufacture." The author has therefore concentrated on the "experimental history and individual attributes of the various wares developed by the first Wedgwood,

and to a much lesser extent by his son."

In 1905-6 the directors of Wedgwood's with considerable foresight gathered in old pattern pieces and other fine specimens "which had during long years accumulated in workshops and unused rooms of their establishment." This led to the formation of the fine Wedgwood Museum at Barlaston, and its Curators have long worked collating and arranging the relevant documentation. Upon this firm structure Mr. Mankowitz has been able to do the research for his well-constructed book—and he pays just tribute to the present Curator, Mr. Tom Lyth, for revealing the important fact that bone china was made as late as 1822 when previous assessments have indicated 1805 and 1812 to 1816. The account of the care and attention Wedgwood showed the manufacture of the Imperial Russian Dinner Service is very well written and a welcome restatement of one of the potter's principal achievements.

Messrs. Batsford can be counted on for a worthy format in these collector's monographs, and Fabergé and Tompion have recently received similar treatment. The early catalogues are transcribed or given in facsimile, an invaluable aid in dating and identifying particular pieces, and the book concludes with the period of Emile Lessore, 1858-1875, a glossary and a chronological list of marks. There is an adequate index.

The collector may add this volume to the author's former work on the Wedgwood copies of the Portland Vase and with the reviewer thank author and publisher for "the execution of the noblest plan ever yet laid down" in appreciation of the "Potter to the Queen."

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DECORATIVE FURNITURE—PRINCIPLES OF MODERN DESIGN.
By BRUCE ALLSOPP (Pitman 70s.).

THE ADVENTURE OF BRITISH FURNITURE 1851-1951. By DAVID JOEL (Ernest Benn, Ltd., 63s.).

Reviewed by Edward H. Pinto

When reviewing Bruce Allsopp's *Decoration and Furniture—The English Tradition*—I ended "Bruce Allsopp, who is an architect and lecturer in architecture in the University of Durham, knows just what he wishes to say and says it in short, clear, scholarly, easily readable sentences. . . . To enjoy to the full the rich savour of this fourteen-course decorative banquet you should digest it at the rate of not more than one chapter per day. At the end of the fortnight, you will be eagerly anticipating the second volume which Mr. Allsopp promises. . . ." The first sentence which I have quoted is equally true of this seventeen-course second volume, which entirely fulfils the expectations aroused by the first.

This new book is live, stimulating and fearless; it debunks both the timid and those pompous members of the architectural profession who claim the impossible, of knowing all about all the crafts and all the material which they employ and who take the credit for the good designs of the specialist contractors who work for them. Mr. Allsopp rightly favours giving credit to designers and manufacturers wherever possible.

Mr. Allsopp's preface is modest, claiming that "This book is not intended for the expert." The modesty is unnecessary: the book is a "must" to all interested in furniture and decoration, whether professional or amateur, designer or craftsman, expert or student. It is profusely illustrated with Kenneth Graham's and David Rock's apposite line drawings, which subtly and humorously press home the points. Additionally, there is a choice selection of photographs, including some excellent ones taken by Mr. Allsopp himself; some are black-and-white and some are really superb colour reproductions, which are a special credit to Messrs. Pitman.

Mr. Allsopp rightly stresses that he is " . . . giving a very personal point of view, because decoration and furniture are very personal things." Without this explanation, some of the strong opinions expressed might be dogmatic; as it is, they are provocative, challenging and hard hitting. If Mr. Allsopp is as forthright a lecturer as he is a writer, there can never be a dull moment for his students.

This book is a success because it commences with the assumption " . . . that we like to decorate our rooms . . ." and then proceeds to give brilliant advice on how to do it well and what to avoid. It is full of common sense, but no one will agree with all of it, which is just as it should be. For instance, I applaud the condemnation of "streamline" shapes on furniture as an absurdity, but disagree with the author's no doubt technically correct definition of varying tone values of different colours as being "discord." Nor do I think that " . . . to choose sculpture merely for its decorative value is barbaric. . . ."

The comparison of white American oak with red Australian oak is unfortunate, because Australian silky oak, which must be the red wood referred to, is not even

remotely related to the true oak which grows from an acorn. However, this is a very minor point and Mr. Allsopp shows a quite outstanding knowledge of a vast selection of materials and the up-to-date methods of processing them. Only in his section on polishing of wood do I find him somewhat incorrect and unfair to the cellulose process, which is much better assessed by David Joel, whose *The Adventure of British Furniture 1851-1951* now comes under review. This is another excellent book for all interested in modern furnishing.

Unlike Bruce Allsopp, who discusses principles of design, David Joel essentially and enthusiastically tells the adventurous history of furniture makers, furniture making and the varied influences on furniture design which have occurred during the past century. Very well he does it too, with the background neatly sketched in and a piquant commentary, the more valuable as coming from one who has himself made a significant contribution to the contemporary idiom.

His description of Victorians and their homes is delicious, but perhaps a little sweeping and overdrawn in order to show up William Morris as the angel of deliverance. It is almost impossible to overstress the importance of Morris and his associates, who swept a clean wind of virile design through the overcrowded, excessively patterned and often meaninglessly ornamented homes of the Victorians, but it was as a wind emanating from and blowing back to the XVIIth century—a wind which could never have given us good furniture design suited to machine production, and within the purse range of the mass of the population. In rekindling the flame of hand-craftsmanship and a love of simplicity among the wealthy and discriminating few it was invaluable. It was essentially as a patternist and colourist that Morris was outstanding, but to actual furniture design he had nothing new to contribute, although in giving food for thought to practical men who could visualise machines as their servants he was an inspiration.

Appendices are an important feature of David Joel's book, and the final one, headed "We Beg to Differ," in which John Betjeman, Paul Reilly and R. D. Russell are invited to give their opinions of the text, is a brilliant and nicely open-minded innovation, which gives some idea of the many divergent views there can be of taste in the home. The book is lavishly illustrated with some 300 well-chosen photographs and the production is all that one would expect from Benn Brothers, with their specialised experience of the furnishing trade.

ART OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS. By PAUL S. WINGERT. Thames & Hudson, London. 25s.

Reviewed by Victor Rienacker

Professor Wingert, of Columbia University, discusses the art of the South Pacific Islands not only with academic authority but with a degree of aesthetic perception too rarely found among ethnologists. The material of his book was first used by him in the Catalogue of the 1953 Loan Exhibition of the art of this area held at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco, which was one of the most comprehensive of its kind

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ever to be assembled. The purpose of this exhibition was not merely to present examples of characteristic types, but to give point to certain æsthetic principles that seem to be implicit in all primitive tribal art.

Exploration of this scattered area commenced some four hundred years ago, but there still remain regions unexamined by qualified research workers. World War Two and the fighting in Korea have revived interest in these islands; and, given peace in our time and the requisite official encouragement, more and more light may be thrown upon the social structures and the beliefs and practices of peoples living closer to the heart of nature than are the so-called civilised nations of the world. Future accidents of discovery may conceivably yield material for modified opinions and interpretations.

Since a people's art is the expression of its culture, a simple and primitive people's art will be easier to understand than that of a society far more complex and often contradictory in its structure and in the expression of its collective and individual aims and purposes. Professor Wingert understands this well enough; and so, in his examination of Oceanic art, he traces out briefly its cultural background and suggests the relationship which its form bears to its content. It is probably true to say that the simpler the materials and techniques of any art, the more likely its content will be found to be charted with directness, intensity and power; and to this fact may be ascribed the attraction which our artists to-day feel for primitive art-forms which are so pregnant with æsthetic significance.

LES PRIMITIFS FLAMANDES. Collection d'Espagne. De Sikkel, Antwerp. Paper, 180 Belgian francs. Cloth, 220 Belgian francs.

Reviewed by Horace Shipp

The dynastic, political and commercial links between Flanders and Spain during the XVth and XVIIth centuries were paralleled by the interest of Spanish court and ecclesiastical circles in the resplendent Flemish art of that period. The conservatism and mysticism of the Habsburgs and of Spanish catholicism turned inevitably to the altar masters of the preceding century also, and resulted in a flow of Flemish primitives into Spain. It was an excellent idea, therefore, of the scholarly committee of the Centre Nationale de Recherches Primitif Flamandes to make this anthology devoted to the XVth and XVIth-century works of Flemish artists to be found in Spain.

Fifty-eight plates and a careful rotation of these introduce us to the works in Spanish public and private collections, many of them little known even in the country of their origin, and still less over here. The accompanying historical and factual notes on the pictures constitute the only text of the volume save for a two-page preface; and, if there is a criticism, it is that we would have liked a covering introduction on the whole fascinating subject of Flemish Primitives in Spain. We know too little of the Spanish private collections which, on the showing of this book, are singularly rich in this material, and we are left with a tantalising feeling that there may still be many great works of which we are

unaware. However, this volume forms an exciting introduction to a territory until recently almost unexplored.

MING POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

By SOAME JENYNS. 124 full page plates (four in colour). Faber and Faber. £2 2s.

Reviewed by Gerald Reitlinger

About forty years ago it began to be realised that a great number of quite familiar kinds of XVIIIth-century Chinese porcelain were copies of much older objects. There was a fascination in the thought and for a time the ridiculous illustrations of the allegedly XVIth-century Hsiang album were taken seriously and so chaos descended. Only slowly was



Vase, decorated in underglazed red and blue. Transitional. XVIIIth century. Height 17 ins. [Sir Harry Garner.]

it realised that the terminology of Chinese writers on pottery was open to as many interpretations as you like, and that almost the only knowledge to be gained was from an examination of the material itself. Things sorted themselves out a little. By the time of the Chinese Art exhibition at Burlington House in 1935 it was accepted that the XVth century was a prototype period for some of the XVIIIth-century wares, particularly blue and white designs, "soft enamel" decorations and single-colour pieces. But which were prototypes and which were copies of a respectable antiquity? Those who will read Mr. Jenyns with the care he merits will find their heads spinning. They will receive no repeat-dose of the perky self-confident assumptions of the pre-war years, the cut and dried formulas of the late Archibald Brankston. Mr. Jenyns welcomes the doubters (*quorum pars magna fui*) because they have "drawn attention to several delicate questions which no one has liked to face." That these questions are delicate some know to their cost.

Of necessity this book is involved, for it sums up a confused state of knowledge. Many readers, I fear, will only look at the illustrations and their captions and these

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will by no means convey to them the tortuous play of opinion and counter-opinion to which some of these treasures have been subjected; for instance, the very beautiful bowl, illustrated in colours on the wrapper which is described as "perhaps XVth century." On pages 70-71 Mr. Jenyns shows by scrupulous analysis that every suspicion is attached to this dating. Surely if one forgets the fatal lure of "the Kuei Chou year of the emperor Hsuan-te" (the date 1433) on the base of the two slightly analogous David and Clark bowls, this piece would retire into the early XVIIth century without much protest.

Again there is the object, illustrated on plate 68a, in appearance a cross between a railway engine and a frog and described as a "Narghili bottle, probably made by a Chinese potter in Annam in the XVth century." How did this estimable Annamite predict the needs of posterity so well, seeing that tobacco-smoking did not reach Europe till the XVIth century and Asia not till the early XVIIth? Would it not be better to state that this bottle, which derives from a traditional Chinese shape, has been adapted as a Narghili?

The production of the book is splendid and indeed one expects no less from the Faber and Faber monographs. The choice of examples is balanced nicely between documentation-pieces and aesthetic selection. Very little space is given to the hideous and over-estimated Ming cloisonné porcelain, very much to blue and white pieces which show bold drawing. Personally, I should have liked to have seen more and finer examples of that wonderful period, the Ming transition.

MUSIC: Bela Bartók—A Guide and an Estimate*

BY P. J. INMAN

Debussy once wrote, in his most Monsieur Croche manner, that poor men of genius chose to die young, because that was the only performance for which they would have an enthusiastic audience. Happily, Bartók did not elect so to do, though it was not until a few months before his death, in exile, in precarious health and in some financial difficulty, that his music began to be appreciated, and not until long after it that any estimate of its real worth was voiced other than in whispers.

Mr. Halsey Stevens' book attempts such an estimate. The aggregate of Bartók's work, he claims, shows a unified development with "frequent additions to his creative equipment, but seldom subtractions." There is nothing in Bartók like the revolutions that occurred in Schoenberg (two of them, of which the second might be said to be the outcome of the first) or like the continual flux of styles in Stravinsky. There have always been great innovators, says Mr. Stevens, but the culmination of a period in music has been marked by composers who synthesize the practices of their time "into a homogeneous and consistent flowering", and he suggests that Bartók was such a composer. It is a claim that few would have made during his lifetime, and it is not only made on the basis of the works of the last few years, which are admittedly more genial than their predecessors.

Bartók's musical activities affected his musical personality. As a virtuoso of the

piano he was well known in his day, and all his concerted works reveal an interest, within the somewhat strict formal practices he imposed on himself, in the virtuosic exploitation of his instruments. As a folklorist, the contribution made by himself and Zoltan Kodaly to musical science is inestimable, and the effect of his researches can be seen in nearly all his works: there are Arabic rhythms in the Dance Suite, a Bulgarian dance rhythm in the finale of the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, while in the late works his themes seem to be linked with folk music only by the thread of transforming imagination. A fully "symphonic" theme will recall, as in a dream, the inflections, the harmonic implications of a simple peasant tune. But it was as a musical architect that Bartók was most remarkable. To some extent, he dropped the developmental forms in favour of those of greater conciseness, and fugue and imitation were favourite devices of his. Mr. Stevens' book fully illumines both the technical procedures and the circumstances of the works in long sections that are like extraordinarily well-written programme-notes.

The earlier part of the book is devoted to a biographical sketch which is informative, particularly about the early years, of the apprenticeship in a Teutonically dominated Hungary, of the very paradoxical liberation of Bartók by, of all people, Richard Strauss, the virtuoso tours, and, above all, the successful struggle of the man to retain the absolute integrity to which all his music bears witness.

* *The Life and Music of Bela Bartók.* Halsey Stevens. Oxford University Press. 45s.

MUSIC IN THE LIFE OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER: Selections from his writings. Translated and Edited by Charles R. Joy. (A. & C. Black. 16s. net.

Reviewed by William Luke

It is rather beside the point to attempt to assess the stature of Albert Schweitzer. Anyone who has studied his profound "Quest for the Historical Jesus" cannot fail to be aware of the greatness of its author. With him, as with most outstanding men, thought and action have combined and complemented each other. The result is achievement of a dimension that, while perhaps less publicised than that of a provider of cheap cars for the people, is likely to remain for all time. Philosopher, doctor, theologian, musician, he has brought all his gifts to the alleviation of human suffering. He sees the modern "malaise of soul" as a banal and fashionable intellectual pose on which he wastes no time. In a brash, political and economic-minded world he works amongst the lepers of Africa and thus provides a magnificent and inspiring reprimand for the far too common national indulgence of the humanistic intention that is always applied, "if we can afford it," and so rarely gets done. Schweitzer has no doubt about the means being provided. As doctor, he attends the lepers; as musician, he obtains his own funds by giving recitals; as theologian, he lives the Christian ethic.

The present book is documentation rather than an addition to the work. It covers the early years of Schweitzer when, with fascinating ease, he mastered the subjects which were to become the compact substance of his life. There is much family background given and one or two of Schweitzer's articles are very important from the musical point of view, particularly that on "Bach: Musician-Poet." But in the main they are technical rather than specific, and that unique quality of reflective wisdom is found rather rarely. Of course, Schweitzer the thinker is always present. One can only wonder at the reserves on which he draws and must always have drawn to achieve so much actual work. This book undoubtedly fills in certain spaces which must be accounted for to complete the picture. The more one knows the more the wonder grows that a man in the modern world could, through two World Wars, continue unhampered, work of a most devout and personal kind. It is a tribute to the force of his greatness. There are for him no national barriers in humanity. He has always lived and worked by this idea and because of this he stands supreme.

SUITE IN FOUR MOVEMENTS. By ERIC COATES. Heinemann. 16s.

Reviewed by Jon Wynne-Tyson

"Speak well back in your throat, Eric, and remember you are descended from the Welsh Kings." Eric remembered. Indeed, he was given few opportunities to forget any of the lessons of his childhood, for his father was a firm if kindly autocrat and his early life was densely hedged about by those moral precepts that already belong to a distant and almost forgotten time. A strict upbringing did not, however, curb a natural precocity, and like his son Austin, also now the author of a surprisingly mature book, he appears to have been fairly confident from an early age just where his interests and fortunes lay.

Orthodoxy has marked Eric Coates' whole life; it might be said that his many competent scores owe a great deal to the self-discipline and single-mindedness that a firm and conventional upbringing induced. He could never, at any rate, have been described as a Bohemian, either in his life or his work.

An itinerant family, the Coates have moved from place to place in search of the right environment to satisfy the demands of health, temperament and the possibly unadmitted wanderlust further evidenced by their son. Some composers find a continually changing environment harmful rather than helpful, yet Mr. Coates, whether wrapped in a large wool shawl against the cold of an asbestos bungalow and the blare of a neighbour's radio, or sitting in the comfortable surroundings of his Baker Street flat, has suffered no serious cessation in the flow of his charming and enduring melodies.

His autobiography is a very straightforward account of his musical successes and the hard work that went into them, and among the more pleasant passages is the account of his first meetings with Phyllis Black, the actress who was to become his wife. It is a pity we are not told more about her, for she would have seemed to be a most understanding and amenable companion.

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The Art of Good Living

MADEIRA AND ITS AFFINITIES

BY RAYMOND POSTGATE

THE wine of Madeira shares one quality with the island. To appreciate either, you have to suspend altogether your usual standards of judgment. The wine is made by methods and according to principles which seem preposterous to a man who has been trained in the methods of Bordeaux (or any other great wine centre). The social and economic conditions of the island are such as most Englishmen would consider either fifty or three hundred and fifty years out of date, according to which sector he was judging. Nevertheless, if one considers only what economists call the end-product, there is much to be said for both.

Madeira is a small, fertile mountainous island; dark green, scarlet, yellow and purple from its foliage and flowers; it has an African sun moderated by cool winds off a blue Atlantic. It is ruled by the Portuguese Roman Catholic dictator Salazar, and its principles of government and social relations would have commended themselves to Zarco, who discovered it in 1420, or to his father-confessor at any rate. The inhabitants appear contented and well fed; they are occupied in growing bananas and sugar cane, and making wine. The women sew infinitely delicate lace and embroidery, with infinite care, for infinitesimal wages.

Within this XVth or XVIth-century society is a respected and quiet enclave, of English families mainly engaged in the wine trade, who live an easy and gracious life which elsewhere disappeared with the death of Edward VII. They, too, appear happy and well fed.

The wine is made by methods which also appear to date from the days of Zarco, or perhaps from those of Noah. The vines are not short stumps like the noble plants of Bordeaux and Burgundy; they are high, free-growing creepers which sprawl above your head on trellises. The grapes are pressed in stone troughs by peasants who dance barefoot on them, singing songs. Around them clusters a huge mass of black flies, one of which is called the vinegar fly; nobody minds. When peasant feet have done their best, the damp remaining mass is tied together by withies, and a large stone, which is attached to a tree trunk, is lowered on to it. This represents, in Madeira, the last word in scientific grape-pressing.

The pink juice running out is collected in goat skins. Goat skins, you may not know, are just skins of goats turned inside out, hair inside. Peasants wrap these skins round their necks like old ladies used to wear feather boas, and saunter down the hills with them to Funchal, the capital.

Here the wine ferments and is fortified with spirit. But it is not then left to mature; believe me or not, it is *baked*. It is heated for some months in a room called the Stove; it is also shaken and stirred. The idea is to reproduce as closely as may be a journey across the equator in a Portuguese caravel about 1554. By all rules of ordinary vinification, the wine ought to be destroyed by now.

It is not; it is made into something unique, which our grandfathers delighted in and which is now coming back into justified favour. Although it is not cheap (I should not risk buying a bottle costing less than 18s. 6d.) it is, in fact, economical. It does not resent at all being opened and

re-corked: indeed, in my belief it is better the second day.

It will last almost indefinitely in bottle; in fact, it is not known how long madeira lives. I have tasted some authenticated wine of 1795; it was still strong and drinkable, though the taste was highly concentrated.

Wine merchants in England give you very little help in choosing madeira. They show you bottles labelled "Fine Old Full," "Best Pale Dry," "Fine Rich," and such vague phrases, or with romantic-sounding names which tell you even less. The only really useful labels are those which tell you the name of the grape from which the wine is made. Fortunately, these are becoming more common, and it is both possible and wise to refuse to buy any madeira which does not give this information. There are four distinguished

vines whose names one needs to remember: sercial, verdelho, boal and malmsey. O in Portuguese is frequently pronounced U; the third, therefore, is called and sometimes spelt "bual."

Sercial is the driest madeira. It is paler in colour, usually than any other; it is to be drunk as an alternative to sherry before a meal. No madeira is as dry as a manzanilla, but a good sercial is as dry as a dry amontillado, and very pleasant as a change. Its taste is, of course, quite different. Malmsey (or malvoisie, or malvasia) is the sweetest; it is very dark and as full as a full port. It can only be taken at the end of a meal, with the nuts and raisins, but those who like sweet wines at that time can be entranced with it. One macabre-minded importer has a brand called "The Duke of Clarence"; I doubt if he can defend it. I am told that modern research favours the view that the butt had been emptied of

wine and refilled with water before the unhappy man was thrown in. (What a peculiar thing to spend one's time investigating.) Verdelho and boal wines are midway between these two, verdelho being perhaps slightly less full. If a man is trying madeira for the first time, I advise a boal, which has the full madeira flavour without the cloying sweetness of a malmsey. Offer it to an accomplished female friend at eleven in the morning or four in the afternoon with a slice of madeira cake. It is much more elegant than a cup of tea, and much better for her than a cocktail.

Though these fair grape names are all that you are likely to find upon a bottle, they do not exhaust the list of vines. What was the most famous of all vines, the Terrantez, has almost totally disappeared. The fantastically old wine which I mentioned—the 1795—was a Terrantez, and if you are fortunate enough to be offered by a wine merchant one of the very old madeiras (before the phylloxera devastation of 1873) you will notice in it a peculiarly hard and metallic taste which is the Terrantez flavour. There is talk of trying to replant this vine, but I don't know that anything has come of it yet. There is also the Tinta, probably the most prolific vine. From it comes a good deal of ordinary madeira, and some that is not ordinary, called Camara de Lobos. This is a place-name; it means wolf-haunt, and refers to a pretty little town with a tiny harbour about ten miles from Funchal. On your way to it, the locals will point out to you the place where Sir Winston Churchill used to set up his easel.



A worker in a Madeira vineyard

Further along there is another district, Campanario, whose name is likely before long to appear on labels too. It is dry at present, but water was being brought to it by irrigation when I visited Madeira for the vintage a couple of years ago. It must have been cultivated, and esteemed in the past, for I have seen silver labels of early Victorian date, with the word *Campanario* engraved on them. Presumably, the area went out of cultivation at the same time as the Terrantez vine was killed by the phylloxera.

Since that date, also, the Madeirans have made no vintage wines, unfortunately. They blend their wines to get a uniform quality. You will, it is true, see dates on certain bottles, but if you examine them carefully you will usually also see the word "Solera." This word warns you that the wine is the product of a continuous process of blending which was started in the year named. The proportion of the wine of that year in the bottle which you buy will be very small.

Second in importance to grape-names, when selecting a madeira, is the name of the shippers. The best madeira still comes to Britain (the worst is sold on the waterfront on the island) and the established importers take great care to maintain its quality. I would always, therefore, look on a label for the words "Shipped by . . ." or "Imported by . . ." and prefer it to one which merely gave the name of your local wine-merchant.

* * *

Madeira is the most important member of a small but distinctive family of wines. They are heavy dessert wines from the South, usually brown in colour and sweet. Oddly enough, their names all begin with "ma". They are madeira, marsala, malaga and mavrodaphne, coming respectively from Madeira, Sicily, Spain and Greece. The most ancient, probably, is the Greek mavrodaphne, for it appears to be

the same wine as the "malvasia" wine of the Elizabethans, which was the ancestor of the modern malmsey. That wine was heavy and sweet, and imported by the Venetians from those parts of Greece which they controlled, mostly Argos and Crete. The modern wine is very similar; it can be bought in London and I have tasted it. It was agreeable, but not distinguished; it did not have the "retsina" taste which ruins so much Greek wine, but there was not much more to be said about it.

Malaga, from the very South of Spain, was sold in several wine shops or pubs between the wars, but is less frequently seen now. It was either brown or very brown; the second was most unusually dark, and very, very sweet. But it is marsala which is undoubtedly the most important of these subsidiary wines. It comes from the western end of Sicily, is walnut in colour and sweet. It has a very distinct burnt or sulphury taste, which used to commend itself to British palates (as did also its price, up till 1939). In fact, the wine itself was almost a British creation: it was first ordered in large quantities by Nelson in 1799 and 1800 for his fleet, and to this day the names of Woodhouse and Ingham on the best known brands show the origin of the trade. A rather lighter marsala is called "Garibaldi," since it was near here that Garibaldi and his Red Shirts landed in the war of Italian freedom, and pushed over the Bourbon king almost with one hand. If it is no longer a great wine in the dining-room, marsala is still at least a great wine in the kitchen. There is a most delicious sweet, a sort of hot whipped egg, called zabaglione, and spelled in various capricious ways. Some cooks will make it of sherry, port, or madeira; then it is sickly. It is never really superb except when made with marsala. Nor is there anything better than marsala for making a sauce with kidneys, or for braising ham. The wine's deficiencies become its virtues in cooking; its assertive taste enables it to retain its identity when it is heated, and its coarse strength turns to fullness.

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The finale of a perfect meal is often spoilt by indifferent coffee. Too often, English coffee resembles the brew responsible for *Punch's* witticism: "... if this is coffee, I want tea; but if this is tea, then I wish for coffee."

Good coffee can be made in a saucepan, a jug, a percolator, by drip, or by vacuum process, provided it is made appropriately to the method employed. Any coffee specialist will supply a leaflet giving recommendations of the Coffee Buyers' Association for all these five procedures. Even if the instructions are followed precisely, perfection will only be achieved if coffee beans are purchased and ground *as required*—not some hours before use, but *immediately* before making, and only the quantity required for one batch should then be ground.

The earlier custom of grinding coffee at home is returning and is a sensible reversion to the practice of our forbears. When coffee was first introduced into England, the roasted beans were "brayed" (pounded) with a pestle and mortar. It is not known precisely when coffee grinders were first used here, but certainly they were being made in 1665, when Nicholas Book, at the "Sign of the Frying Pan" in St. Tullius Street, London, advertised that he was the sole maker of coffee mills. Some varieties made during the last two and a half centuries are shown above.

Now regarding the right blend, my

advice is, buy from a coffee specialist, tell him how you like your coffee and ascertain, by trial, what degree of roasting appeals to you most.

No one blend can be the maid of all work. For breakfast, when foods of mild character are taken, have mild coffee, such as the Jamaican or South American blends. After dinner, however, a more suitable coffee is one which strikes the palate when it is less sensitive, after being subjected to more strongly flavoured food, and when a smoke may accompany the coffee. A good coffee for this purpose is a high grade Kenya.

When liqueurs are served with coffee, the coffee should not be dominant; it should be an accompaniment to the liqueur and an ideal choice is a Mocca and Mysore blend.

Little known as an alternative to coffee with liqueurs is Gaelic coffee, which is served in wine glasses. I was introduced to this delicious, exotic drink in Eire last year and begged the recipe; here it is. Take well warmed wine glasses and put two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar into each; half fill each glass with *Irish* whisky (which has a rather smoky flavour) and stir well; when syrupy, nearly fill with hot black coffee; take a teaspoonful of whipped double cream and, using a second teaspoon, slide it on top of the coffee. Do not stir it; the cream will quickly disperse itself.

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MACDONALD

TRAVELLER'S JOY

BY BON VIVEUR

When the sundering seas tore England off from France they flowed so narrowly along fair Cantium's shores that the great link with Europe was scarcely broken.

England's first county is still Kent, and visitors from overseas can count their Avon and Thames pilgrimages small coin from England's purse if they have not explored Medway's banks, where Palaeolithic man stalked elephant and elk to their drinking holes and his Neolithic successors laboured to erect their mysterious cromlechs.

Taking both memory and imagination as your passengers, travel by car from London. Hurriedly shrug off these incongruous aspidistra towns Bromley, Chislehurst, Beckenham and Orpington, architecturally and spiritually suburbia though geographically Kent. Then as the rolling Roman roads unfold, enter a rare heritage which has been rarely cherished. Covens of oasthouses drive their witch bonnets skywards from valley bowls where Romans planted vineyards and worshipped pagan gods. The cut and slash of half-timbering is masked in springtime by the rosy fingers of apple blossom. Red-gold brasses are glinting through unlatched doors as twilight sets the stars swinging like tiny censers across the chalk cliffs, the old battle grounds, the paths that pilgrims trod towards Thomas à Becket's shrine.

Here, where the hop and cherry are abounding, came Cæsar's legions to grind their trireme prows between Walmer and Thanet (55 B.C.). Here disembarked Saxon Hengist and Horsa (generally dated A.D. 449). Here trod the sandalled feet of St. Augustine (A.D. 597) to reintroduce Christianity. Here let the traveller learn his England!

Lullingstone beckons along the way that we have chosen, where the silkworm spins industriously in a paradise of mulberry leaves at the Hall and adjacent Roman excavations reveal an exceptional tessellated pavement. Nearby the little triangle of Ash, Ridley and Stansted give you the freedom of the untrammelled Downs amid an aura of elms, which in full summer leaf are plumed as funeral horses. Gabled houses, glowing in the warm red of ancient brickwork, lead the explorer onward to the church and palace ruins at charming Otford. This, reflect, was the most magnificent of all Archbishop Warham's many mansions, where Henry VIII stayed on his way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

We are wooing you with history to cross the county and take a dish of tlay at XIIIth-century Pitt's Cottage, Westerham; the teas are remarkable. Home-made scones, cream and jam, brown and white bread and butter, and a dozen varieties of cakes are served in this old house with its "Collar Post," "Pigeon-Breasted Floor," "King's Post," and fine oak beams, where William Pitt the Younger lived in the late XVIIIth century.



A Typical Kentish Scene

Splendidly refreshed, drop southwards to Penshurst, styled in old records Pendestre (pen = top, hyrst = wood, ceaster = fortified camp) and reserve a room at the creeper-faced Leicester Arms. Your baggage bestowed, make your way on foot to Penshurst Place, where Southey trod the Park "as with pilgrim's reverential thoughts," bent upon "The Incomparable," Sir Philip Sidney. The connoisseur will desire to see the great hall which Sir John de Pulteney built in 1341, England's finest example, 54 ft. long, 38 ft. wide, 60 ft. high. Note the Kentish tracery atop the window heads, the old spit, and fire dogs in the central hearth where whole oxen were roasted . . . possibly among the viands served to the Black Prince and Joan of Kent who ate their Christmas dinners here. Observe, too, the ten grotesque corbels supporting the roof, and see in the First Elizabeth's sitting-room, her silken needlework inset in the card-table where she sat with her red head bent industriously.

So comes the past to life again while the present, from the chintz and beamed comfort of the Leicester Arms offers good fare, great courtesy and a small English garden for a final pipe of peace. If you would journey further for the night, what better than the Royal Oak at Sevenoaks?

This family house, flower gay, brasses shining, puts on an exceptional dinner and offers another quiet tended garden for an evening's stroll with great Knole House moon-tipped and drowsing across the road.

In the morning, head leisurely for Goudhurst, where the Culpepper brasses are housed in the XIVth-century church, amid such acres as Sorbière described in 1663 as "very fine and fruitful country, especially in apples and cherries . . . the valleys beautified with an eternal verdure and the grass finer and of better colour than in other places. . . ."

We must add to Sorbière, Kent's most important natural commodity, *Humulus lupulus*, known in the Old Kent Road as "ops," "bane of the wolf" to the early Briton *llewig y blaidd*.

Goudhurst is in the centre of the hopping regions, a siege town at hopping time, where every bar is stripped, every counter chicken-netted, and the mediæval, carefully modernised Star and Eagle Hotel receives its clientele after parley and through the back door! —to enjoy simple good fare at all times and a friendly, original running buffet à la carte supper, when the big bell rings on Sunday nights after the church bells summoning is over.

We are bound from here for our farthest point of exploration, Boughton Aluph and the Flying Horse, a minute village inn with a gleaming dining-room, sturdy grills, carefully tended wines and excellent cheeses. All-in-all exemplifying the pattern of old rural England from the village cricket pitch on the green before the inn sign to the freshness of the breakfast eggs and the flavour of the roast ducklings snatched from their orchard grazing round the corner. Thus turn we back towards London via Aylesford, with its mediæval bridge across the Medway where Hengist and Horsa are said to have fought long ago. Our objective is the hillside one and a half miles north-east of the town, where the celebrated cromlech Kat's (or Kit's) Corty House, "The Tomb in the Wood," can be seen on Blue Bell Hill. Nearby again in this remarkable corner are traces of a "very extensive" Roman villa, and northward of it in turn, a Roman cemetery.

Thus the flavour, no more, for we have scarce turned a single page of Kent's remarkable Book, which is writ in the Romish, Saxon English tongues by men of Kent and Kentish men, by pilgrims, poets, martyrs, kings and savages, embellished by the vine and hop entwined and signed with a woodcut of an oasthouse against a pale English sky.

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THOUGHTS ON THE SALT CELLAR BY N. M. PENZER

THE almost universal reverence for salt stretches back into remote antiquity, and it has been invested with a significance which has given it an importance transcending both time and place. Its use as a condiment constitutes but one aspect of its long history—and that a comparatively recent one. The unique properties of salt—its strange powers of preserving from decay, its purity, colour, piquant taste, etc.—were such as to create a symbolic significance of astonishing diversity and ramification. It will be readily appreciated, then, that a mass of curious beliefs and superstitions would naturally attach themselves to a substance which Homer had called divine, and which was wisely considered as the essence of life itself. As a pure, immaculate and incorruptible substance, salt was regarded with particular favour by the gods and used in all sacrificial offerings—an idea which in Christian times was to receive very definite approbation. Its durability made it not only an emblem of immortality but the symbol of faith, trust, loyalty and friendship. Its power of preserving other things, into which it came into contact, from decay was responsible for a large variety of customs and uses—both religious and secular. Thus it was used by the Egyptians in the embalming of their dead, and in more recent times at burials, where it signified the immortal spirit.

From a purely practical point of view its value for preserving food throughout the winter merely added to the regard in which it was already held. It will be seen, then, that when salt found its way from the altar to the domestic table it took with it all the power and significance with which it was endowed.

Most writers on salt-cellars are generally inclined to trace their origin to the Middle Ages, but this incorrect dating entirely ignores their extended use in both Greece and Rome, and fails to attribute to that age the many customs and superstitions connected with salt which the Middle Ages merely embroidered. Unfortunately we can only guess at the shape and size of the Greek salt-cellar, but from certain references found among Roman writings it would appear that the salt-cellar was usually merely a bowl or dish. The evidence for this conclusion lies in the fact that the Roman salt, *salinum*, is nearly always mentioned in conjunction with a small saucer, *patella*, used as a scoop for

the vessel containing the salt. Moreover, some of the bowls among both the Boscoreale and Hildesheim treasures are considered by the experts to be salt-cellars. Livy (xxvi, 36, 6) speaks of "a salt-cellar and a saucer for offerings to the gods," and Persius (*Sat.*, iii, 25, 26) writes: "You have a bright and spotless salt-cellar with a fitting *patella* for the worship of the Hearth."

The point to realise is that a saucer was, in many cases, a salt-cellar. The word *saucer* means simply a small bowl or shallow receptacle for holding condiments during a meal, such condiments including both salt and liquid sauces. The *Oxford English Dictionary* gives many examples of this alternative meaning. It is, however, often difficult to decide which object is meant. The context, and to a lesser extent the weight, is a considerable help, but mistakes can easily be made. Thus in Edward I's inventory we read of "23 salsar' pro servicio aule Regis," where the reference seems clearly to be to salt-cellars, but later on is the entry "Sals' auri cum coop'" which might be "a gold salt-cellar with a lid," but the text immediately following proves us wrong, for it reads "unus forcellus argenti pro eadem."

As we can hardly use a silver fork for salt, we must conclude that the reference is to a covered saucer, such as might hold green ginger or fruits in syrup. The presence of the fork—probably a socket-fork—is then readily understood. I submit, therefore, that in the ordinary medieval home the salt-cellar was merely a dish, bowl, saucer or similar object, and that the standing salt was confined to the tables of the mighty of the land, where it stood both as a symbol of hospitality and friendship and as an object of admiration and awe, for one's rank was proclaimed for all to see by how near to it one might sit.

It will be unnecessary here to repeat the oft-told tale of how the table should be set out, the ritual that accompanied it, the position of the salt, and the usual quotations from the *Boke of Kervynge*, the *Babees Book*, the *Boke of Curtasye*, etc. It will suffice to point out that while the instructions set out in these books strongly denounce the practice of dipping one's meat into the salt, they differ considerably as to by what means the salt should be conveyed to the meat on your trencher. In some it is considered correct

to dip the point of the knife into the salt, in others this practice is condemned, the only correct way of taking salt being by the fingers.

The forms of early salts differed considerably and if descriptions in inventories be quoted it will be seen that they assumed many strange shapes, such as dragons, elephants, dogs, giants, chariots and many other objects. We should remember, however, that it was only on the important standing-salt that the skill and cunning of the goldsmith was lavished, and the small trencher salt was simple and plain, being solely utilitarian. So far as existing specimens of the great salt are concerned the earliest is the well-known hour-glass type of which only about a dozen remain. One of the finest of these is the Warden Hill's salt of c. 1490, at New College, Oxford.

During the Renaissance we get the cylindrical salts, of which the example at the Tower is perhaps the most famous, although specimens preserved at some of our colleges are more beautiful. The Vyvyan salt at the Victoria and Albert Museum is a good example of the square body, while the Goldsmiths Company possesses the famous pillared Gibbon salt of 1576. There is, however, one type which calls for special mention, and that is the Scroll salt.

I have already (*Apollo Annual*, 1949) discussed these in detail, and shown that the curious scroll arms projecting vertically from the rim surrounding the salt cavity were *not* used for supporting a napkin, as has so persistently been stated, but for holding a bowl of fruit, which constituted the last course of a banquet. In this way the already crowded tables were able to receive the bowls without demanding any extra space, added to which it made assurance double sure that the salt would be the last article to be removed from the table.

There is no space here to deal with the interesting etymology of *salt* and its derivatives, still less with the almost endless superstitions and symbolism connected with it. I would, however, call attention to the article "The Folk-lore of Common Salt," by R. M. Lawrence, being pp. 154-205 of his *Magic of the Horse-Shoe* [1898], and to Dr. Ernest Jones' "Symbolic Significance of Salt in Folklore and Superstition," pp. 22-109, of his *Essays in Applied Psycho-Analysis*, Vol. II, 1951.

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SALE ROOM NOTES & PRICES

BY BRICOLEUR

SILVER. Christie's held an important sale of fine silver which included a pair of George II candlesticks by Paul de Lamerie, 1734 (60 oz. 13 dwt.), and fetched £700. These were 9½ in. high on moulded octagonal bases with incurved corners and octagonal baluster stems, the detachable nozzles were later additions. The owner, Miss Milligan, also sent other pieces of silver which included a George I plain shaving jug by Augustine Courtauld, 1720 (19 oz. 10 dwt.), pear-shaped with domed cover and fluted thumbpiece, 7½ in. high, which brought £320. Another interesting lot from this collection was a pair of William III table candlesticks, by Benjamin Pyne, 1699, £220. They weighed 33 oz. 17 dwt. and were 7½ in. high. A pair of George II two-handled sauceboats by William Williamson of Dublin, circa 1730 (30 oz. 17 dwt.), £190. These had oval moulded feet and moulded rims. Lady Russell, M.B.E., sent a set of eight German table candlesticks, engraved with the arms of George I as Elector of Hanover, and the monogram G.L. The candlesticks were on moulded square bases and measured 6½ in. high, Hanover-Neustadt, circa 1725 (120 oz. 4 dwt.). This set fetched £380. Among the collection of English silver belonging to S. E. Lucas, Esq., was a Charles II tankard with corkscrew thumbpiece, 8 in. high, 1684, maker's mark T.C. in monogram, 1684 (34 oz. 17 dwt.) which sold for £255, and a Commonwealth plain tankard with broad spreading skirt foot and cylindrical barrel, the flat cover with double lobed thumbpiece, 7 in. high, 1654, maker's mark A.F. (28 oz. 19 dwt.). This piece, which fetched £240, was exhibited at the Seaford House Loan Exhibition, 1929, No. 142.

At Sotheby's a George I tea kettle, by Nathaniel Gulliver, 1725, was sold for £120. This had a slightly compressed circular body engraved with the arms of Hutchings impaling Medlicott. (John Hutchings of Lovestreet, co. Dorset, married in February, 1726, Elizabeth, oldest daughter of James Medlicott of Ven House, co. Somerset.) The stand on triple scroll supports, 14½ in. high, 80 oz. 5 dwt. (all in).

PICTURES. At an important sale of pictures by Old Masters, Christie's sold an interesting set of twenty-five drawings by Richard Wilson, R.A. These were the property of the Earl of Dartmouth and were produced in Rome in 1754 for the second Earl of Dartmouth. These remaining twenty-five, from the original set of sixty-eight, were found in a cupboard at Patshull House in 1948, and have since been exhibited at the Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, 1948-9, and at the Tate Gallery, 1949. There are discussed in Brinsley Ford's "The Drawings of Richard Wilson," 1951, and in W. G. Constable's "Richard Wilson," 1953. In black chalk and stump heightened with white on grey paper, nineteen are views in or near Rome, dated "Roma 1754," ten signed R. Wilson, nine with initials. Of this collection some of the higher priced lots were "Ponte Molle, Monte Mario," 11½ in. by 16½ in., 480 gns.; "The Vatican," 11½ in. by 16½ in., 440 gns.; "Capucins at Gensano," 11½ in. by 16½ in., 440 gns., and "Monte Cavo," 11½ in. by 16½ in., 420 gns.

Included in the same sale was "The Adoration of the Shepherds" by Jacopo Bassano, 29½ in. by 35½ in. This brought 1,000 gns. and was sent for sale by the executrix of the late J. Seymour Maynard, Esq., M.D. It had previously been in the collection of Douglas Freshfield, 1921, and exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, 1934. It was also illustrated in the *Illustrated London News* (Jan. 12, 1935). Two other interesting pictures from the same source were Giovanni da Milano, "The Crucifixion," on panel, shaped top, 18 in. by 12 in., 1,600 gns. Previously from the collection of Captain Richard Wyndham and illustrated in Alessandro Marabottini's "Giovanni da Milano," Florence, 1950, pl. 2 and p. 35; and Jacopo Tintoretto, "Portrait of Nicolaus Padavinus, Secretary of the Council of Ten, 1589." This picture, which realised 1,100 gns., had inscription and date 1589, and measured 42½ in. by 33 in. It had formerly been in the collections of the Earl of Carysfort, 1828, Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., Mrs. S. E. Francis, and Lord Brownlow, 1923. 2,600 gns. was paid for "A Woody Landscape," by Adriaen Brouwer, 38 in. by 61 in., three peasants in the foreground, a church and village in the distance. This picture was at one time attributed to Rembrandt, but is certified as by Adriaen Brouwer by Dr. Hofstede de Groot, whose certificate was sold with the lot. It has been mentioned in several works and exhibitions and was previously in the collections of Lord Radstock, 1826, and Miss Tennant, 1926.

"Syctghen the Duck," by Aelbert Cuyp, with inscription, signed and dated 1647, on panel, 17½ in. by 21 in., brought 1,250 gns. and had been exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, 1924-5, the Art Council's exhibition of "Dutch Paintings of the XVIIth Century," 1945, and the Winter Exhibition, Royal Academy, 1952.

From another collection were two pictures of "Flowers in a Vase," one by Osias Beert, signed, on panel, 30 in. by 21 in., brought 1,400 gns., and the other by Jan Brueghel, on panel, 25½ in. by 19½ in., 1,550 gns. 1,150 gns. was paid for "Ponte Santa Trinita, Florence," by A. Canaletto. A pair of pictures by Francesco Zuccarelli, R.A., "Landscapes with Pastoral Figures," 28 in. by 44 in., brought 3,500 gns. These had been at one time in the collection of the Earl of

Rosslyn and exhibited at the loan exhibition of works by Old Masters and Scottish National Portraits, 1883.

At Sotheby's the second part of the H.S. Reitlinger Collection was sold and comprised Paintings and Drawings of the English school, first section. Samuel Palmer's "The Sheepshearing," from the artist's collection, realised £1,150. This picture, which was on panel and measured 20½ in. by 28 in., had also been in the collection of A. H. Palmer, and is mentioned by Geoffrey Grigson in "Samuel Palmer, The Visionary Years," No. 139, pl. 63. Also in this section of the collection was offered fine drawings by Samuel Palmer, one of Gulbene Church, heightened with body colour, 11½ in. by 14½ in., brought £170, and another of a shepherd resting by his flock, pen and Indian ink and wash, 6½ in. by 7½ in., sold for £310. This was in the collection of Richard Redgrave and is also mentioned by Grigson in his work on Palmer, No. 114.

Of the fine examples of Thomas Rowlandson's drawings, £100 was paid for "A Drunken Midshipman," signed, 9½ in. by 6½ in., and £150 for "A Couple Lighted by a Link-boy in a Street," 9½ in. by 13½ in. This drawing was exhibited at the Rowlandson Exhibition, 1927.

At a sale of modern and XVIIIth-century paintings and drawings, Sotheby's sold a "Street Scene with Figures," by Maurice Vlaminck, for £160, 17½ in. by 21½ in., signed, gouache, and a Gainsborough portrait of Garrick, 48 in. by 35 in., for £380.

FURNITURE. At a sale of furniture Christie's included two pieces which had been exhibited at the Regency Exhibition, Brighton, in 1951. These were a lacquer dwarf cupboard, which fetched 30 gns. and a black lacquer bureau cabinet, 115 gns., also a Regency lacquer cabinet, not in the exhibition, which sold for 95 gns. These were all decorated with chinoiserie scenes, the cupboard and cabinet on imitation tortoiseshell grounds. In the same sale was a Louis XVI marquetry upright secretaire which brought 185 gns., and was formerly in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. The front and side panels were inlaid with a musical trophy and flower sprays in various woods on a satined greenwood ground with kingwood borders. This piece is stamped L. Boudin(?) and measured 39½ in. wide. A George II mahogany bureau-cabinet with panelled doors, fluted side columns surmounted by gilt foliage capitals and the scroll dentilled cresting centring on a gilt plaster bust of a gentleman, 44 in. wide. This example, which fetched 120 gns., is similar to a cabinet with mirror panelled doors illustrated in *The Dictionary of English Furniture*, by Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards, Vol. 1, Fig. 33, p. 134. Two examples of French furniture which fetched good prices in the same sale were a Louis XV marquetry bureau a cylindre, with pierced gallery and inset marble top, 41 in. wide, 195 gns., and a Louis XV-XVI marquetry commode inlaid in various woods and ivory with bouquets of flowers and figures in landscapes, and ormolu mounts and veined yellow marble top, 56 in. wide. This piece brought 175 gns. and was stamped De Looze ME.(?)

Sotheby's held a sale of furniture which included a lady's satinwood writing-table belonging to Mr. O. R. M. Sebag-Montefiore. This sold for £62, and was taken from a design in Sheraton's *Cabinet-Maker*. It had a hinged top, rising fire-screen, secret side drawers with spring mechanism, decorated with inlaid urns, garlands and medallions. In the same sale there was included a George III drum-top library table of mahogany with satinwood panels in the frieze, and supported on quadruple "spider" legs, 3 ft. 9 in. diam. This piece sold for £75. Among the Regency furniture was a tea-table which fetched £125, the faded rosewood top edged with gilt-metal mouldings, the giltwood stand painted with black Greek key pattern and the legs of "X" form with gilt-metal ball feet, 3 ft. wide. The Continental furniture included a late XVIIIth-century tulipwood secretaire a abattant, 4 ft. 10 in. high by 2 ft. 5 in. wide, which brought £110. The front was quarter veneered and decorated with a band of parquetry, a bronze laurel garland and ribbon escutcheons.

Messrs. Rowland Gorrings and Co., held a sale at their Auction Galleries in Lewes which was well attended. At this sale a Stuart draw end refectory table brought £300, and a set of sixteen chairs of Spanish origin, £90.

At a sale held at Elham Park, near Retford, by Messrs. Henry Spencer and Sons, for the executors of the late Mrs. Oxley, a small Sheraton table brought £32, a small satinwood display cabinet, £50, and a mahogany sideboard, £32.

At the Motcomb Galleries a pair of satinwood elliptical break-front consol tables in two tiers on reeded and carved supports, 4 ft. 9 in. wide, sold for £98, and an early XIXth-century mahogany kidney-shape pedestal writing-table, 4 ft. 3 in. wide, £135.

Messrs. Rogers, Chapman and Thomas sold a Sheraton satinwood and mahogany kneehole desk painted with floral swags, figures, medallions and musical trophies for £64. At a sale at the Manor House, Upper Hardres, near Canterbury, the same auctioneers sold a Sheraton actress's dressing-table for £44. This piece was of mahogany in two sections forming wings when open.

Amongst the many pieces of furniture sold at Phillips, Son and Neale's rooms were a set of six Regency ebonized arm-chairs of simulated bamboos with cane seats and squab cushions, which brought £98. At the sale at the Junior United Service Club, held by Phillips, Son and Neale, a Georgian mahogany bookcase, 6 ft. 11 in. wide, fetched £65.